

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LALLA ROOKH.

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## PREFACE

TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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THE Poem, or Romance, of LALLA ROOKH, having now reached, I understand, its twentieth edition, a short account of the origin and progress of a work which has been hitherto so very fortunate in its course, may not be deemed, perhaps, superfluous or misplaced.

It was about the year 1812 that, far more through the encouraging suggestions of friends than from any confident promptings of my own ambition, I conceived the design of writing a Poem upon some Oriental subject, and of those quarto dimensions which Scott's successful publications in that form had then rendered the

regular poetical standard. A negotiation on the subject was opened with the Messrs. Longman, in the same year; but, from some causes which I cannot now recollect, led to no decisive result; nor was it till a year or two after, that any further steps were taken in the matter, — their house being the only one, it is right to add, with which, from first to last, I held any communication upon the subject.

On this last occasion, Mr. Perry kindly offered himself as my representative in the treaty; and, what with the friendly zeal of my negotiator on the one side, and the prompt and liberal spirit with which he was met on the other, there has seldom, I think, occurred any transaction in which Trade and Poesy have shone out so advantageously in each other's eyes. The short discussion that then took place, between the two parties, may be comprised in a very few sentences. "I am of opinion," said Mr. Perry, — enforcing his view of the case by arguments which it is not for me to cite, —



“ that Mr. Moore ought to receive for his Poem the largest price that has been given, in our day, for such a work.” “ That was,” answered the Messrs. Longman, “ three thousand guineas.” “ Exactly so,” replied Mr. Perry, “ and no less a sum ought he to receive.”

It was then objected, and very reasonably, on the part of the firm, that they had never yet seen a single line of the Poem ; and that a perusal of the work ought to be allowed to them, before they embarked so large a sum in the purchase. But, no ; — the romantic view which my friend, Perry, took of the matter, was, that this price should be given as a tribute to reputation already acquired, without any condition for a previous perusal of the new work. This high tone, I must confess, not a little startled and alarmed me ; but, to the honour and glory of Romance, — as well on the publishers’ side as the poet’s, — this very generous view of the transaction was, without any difficulty, acceded to, and the firm agreed,

before we separated, that I was to receive three thousand guineas for my Poem.

At the time of this agreement, but little of the work, as it stands at present, had yet been written. But the ready confidence in my success shown by others, made up for the deficiency of that requisite feeling, within myself; while a strong desire not wholly to disappoint this "auguring hope," became almost a substitute for inspiration. In the year 1815, therefore, having made some progress in my task, I wrote to report the state of the work to the Messrs. Longman, adding, that I was now most willing and ready, should they desire it, to submit the manuscript for their consideration. Their answer to this offer was as follows: — "We are certainly impatient for the perusal of the Poem; but solely for our gratification. Your sentiments are always honourable." \*

\* April 10. 1815.

I continued to pursue my task for another year, being likewise occasionally occupied with the Irish Melodies, two or three numbers of which made their appearance, during the period employed in writing *Lalla Rookh*. At length, in the year 1816, I found my work sufficiently advanced to be placed in the hands of the publishers. But the state of distress to which England was reduced, in that dismal year, by the exhausting effects of the series of wars she had just then concluded, and the general embarrassment of all classes both agricultural and commercial, rendered it a juncture the least favourable that could well be conceived for the first launch into print of so light and costly a venture as *Lalla Rookh*. Feeling conscious, therefore, that, under such circumstances, I should act but honestly in putting it in the power of the Messrs. Longman to reconsider the terms of their engagement with me,—leaving them free to postpone, modify, or even, should such be their wish, relinquish it altogether, I

wrote them a letter to that effect, and received the following answer : — “ We shall be most happy in the pleasure of seeing you in February. We agree with you, indeed, that the times are most inauspicious for ‘ poetry and thousands ; ’ but we believe that your poetry would do more than that of any other living poet at the present moment.” \*

The length of time I employed in writing the few stories strung together in *Lalla Rookh* will appear, to some persons, much more than was necessary for the production of such easy and “ light o’ love ” fictions. But, besides that I have been, at all times, a far more slow and painstaking workman than would ever be guessed, I fear, from the result, I felt that, in this instance, I had taken upon myself a more than ordinary responsibility, from the immense stake risked by others on my chance of success. For a long time, therefore, after the agreement had been

\* November 9. 1816.

concluded, though generally at work with a view to this task, I made but very little real progress in it; and I have still by me the beginnings of several stories, continued, some of them, to the length of three or four hundred lines, which, after in vain endeavouring to mould them into shape, I threw aside, like the tale of Cambuscan, "left half-told." One of these stories, entitled *The Peri's Daughter*, was meant to relate the loves of a nymph of this aërial extraction with a youth of mortal race, the rightful Prince of Ormuz, who had been, from his infancy, brought up, in seclusion, on the banks of the river Amou, by an aged guardian named Mohassan. The story opens with the first meeting of these destined lovers, then in their childhood; the Peri having wafted her daughter to this holy retreat, in a bright, enchanted boat, whose first appearance is thus described: —

\* \* \* \* \*

For, down the silvery tide afar,  
There came a boat, as swift and bright

As shines, in heav'n, some pilgrim-star,  
That leaves its own high home, at night,  
To shoot to distant shrines of light.

"It comes, it comes," young Orian cries,  
And panting to Mohassan flies.  
Then, down upon the flowery grass  
Reclines to see the vision pass;  
With partly joy and partly fear,  
To find its wondrous light so near,  
And hiding oft his dazzled eyes  
Among the flowers on which he lies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within the boat a baby slept,  
Like a young pearl within its shell;  
While one, who seem'd of riper years,  
But not of earth, or earth-like spheres,  
Her watch beside the slumberer kept;  
Gracefully waving, in her hand,  
The feathers of some holy bird,  
With which, from time to time, she stirr'd  
The fragrant air, and coolly fann'd  
The baby's brow, or brush'd away  
The butterflies that, bright and blue  
As on the mountains of Malay,  
Around the sleeping infant flew.

And now the fairy boat hath stopp'd  
Beside the bank,—the nymph has dropp'd  
Her golden anchor in the stream;

\* \* \* \* \*

A song is sung by the Peri in approaching,  
of which the following forms a part : —

My child she is but half divine,  
Her father sleeps in the Caspian water ;  
    Sea-weeds twine  
    His funeral shrine,  
But he lives again in the Peri's daughter.  
Fain would I fly from mortal sight  
    To my own sweet bowers of Peristan ;  
But, there, the flowers are all too bright  
    For the eyes of a baby born of man.  
On flowers of earth her feet must tread ;  
    So hither my light-wing'd bark hath brought her ;  
    Stranger, spread  
    Thy leafiest bed,  
    To rest the wandering Péri's daughter.

In another of these inchoate fragments, a proud female saint, named Banou, plays a principal part ; and her progress through the streets of Cufa, on the night of a great illuminated festival, I find thus described : —

It was a scene of mirth that drew  
A smile from ev'n the Saint Banou,  
As, through the hush'd, admiring throng,  
She went with stately steps along,  
And counted o'er, that all might see,  
The rubies of her rosary.  
But none might see the worldly smile  
That lurk'd beneath her veil, the while : —  
Alla forbid ! for, who would wait  
Her blessing at the temple's gate, —

What holy man would ever run  
To kiss the ground she knelt upon,  
If once, by luckless chance, he knew  
She look'd and smil'd as others do.  
Her hands were join'd, and from each wrist  
By threads of pearl and golden twist  
Hung relics of the saints of yore,  
And scraps of talismanic lore,—  
Charms for the old, the sick, the frail,  
Some made for use, and all for sale.  
On either side, the crowd withdrew,  
To let the Saint pass proudly through;  
While turban'd heads, of every hue,  
Green, white, and crimson, bow'd around,  
And gay tiaras touch'd the ground,—  
As tulip-bells, when o'er their beds  
The musk-wind passes, bend their heads.  
Nay, some there were, among the crowd  
Of Moslem heads that round her bow'd,  
So fill'd with zeal, by many a draught  
Of Shiraz wine profanely quaff'd,  
That, sinking low in reverence then,  
They never rose till morn again.

There are yet two more of these unfinished sketches, one of which extends to a much greater length than I was aware of; and, as far as I can judge from a hasty renewal of my acquaintance with it, is not incapable of being yet turned to account.



In only one of these unfinished sketches, the tale of The Peri's Daughter, had I yet ventured to invoke that most home-felt of all my inspirations, which has lent to the story of The Fire-worshippers its main attraction and interest. That it was my intention, in the concealed Prince of Ormuz, to shadow out some impersonation of this feeling, I take for granted from the prophetic words supposed to be addressed to him by his aged guardian:—

Bright child of destiny ! even now  
I read the promise on that brow,  
That tyrants shall no more defile  
The glories of the Green-Sea Isle,  
But Ormuz shall again be free,  
And hail her native Lord in thee !

In none of the other fragments do I find any trace of this sort of feeling, either in the subject or the personages of the intended story; and this was the reason, doubtless, though hardly known, at the time, to myself, that, finding my subjects so slow in kindling my own sympathies,

I began to despair of their ever touching the hearts of others ; and felt often inclined to say,

“ Oh no, I have no voice or hand  
For such a song, in such a land.”

Had this series of disheartening experiments been carried on much further, I must have thrown aside the work in despair. But, at last, fortunately, as it proved, the thought occurred to me of founding a story on the fierce struggle so long maintained between the Ghebers\*, or ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia, and their haughty Moslem masters. From that moment, a new and deep interest in my whole task took possession of me. The cause of tolerance was again my inspiring theme ; and the spirit that had spoken in the melodies of Ireland soon found itself at home in the East.

\* Voltaire, in his tragedy of “ Les Guèbres,” written with a similar under-current of meaning, was accused of having transformed his Fire-worshippers into Jansenists. — “ Quelques figuristes,” he says, “ prétendent que les Guèbres sont les Jansenistes.”

Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in *writing* this work, I must also, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously *reading* for it. To form a store-house, as it were, of illustration purely Oriental, and so familiarise myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as Fancy required the aid of fact, in her spiritings, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her “strong bidding,” to furnish materials for the spell-work, — such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me more than sufficiently for my pains. I have not forgotten how great was my pleasure, when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh, that he was once asked by Colonel W——s, the historian of British India, “whether it was true that Moore had

never been in the East?" "Never," answered Mackintosh. "Well, that shows me," replied Colonel W——s, "that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel."

I need hardly subjoin to this lively speech, that although D'Herbelot's valuable work was, of course, one of my manuals, I took the whole range of all such Oriental reading as was accessible to me; and became, for the time, indeed, far more conversant with all relating to that distant region, than I have ever been with the scenery, productions, or modes of life of any of those countries lying most within my reach. We know that D'Anville, though never in his life out of Paris, was able to correct a number of errors in a plan of the Troad taken by De Choiseul, on the spot; and, for my own very different, as well as far inferior, purposes, the knowledge I had thus acquired of distant localities, seen only by me in my day-dreams, was no less ready and useful.

An ample reward for all this painstaking has

been found in such welcome tributes as I have just now cited; nor can I deny myself the gratification of citing a few more of the same description. From another distinguished authority on Eastern subjects, the late Sir John Malcolm, I had myself the pleasure of hearing a similar opinion publicly expressed; — that eminent person, in a speech spoken by him at a Literary Fund Dinner, having remarked, that together with those qualities of the poet which he much too partially assigned to me was combined also “the truth of the historian.”

Sir William Ouseley, another high authority, in giving his testimony to the same effect, thus notices an exception to the general accuracy for which he gives me credit: — “Dazzled by the beauties of this composition\*, few readers can perceive, and none surely can regret, that the poet, in his magnificent catastrophe, has forgotten, or boldly and most happily violated,

\* The Fire-worshippers.

the precept of Zoroaster, above noticed, which held it impious to consume any portion of a human body by fire, especially by that which glowed upon their altars." Having long lost, I fear, most of my Eastern learning, I can only cite, in defence of my catastrophe, an old Oriental tradition, which relates, that Nimrod, when Abraham refused, at his command, to worship the fire, ordered him to be thrown into the midst of the flames.\* A precedent so ancient for this sort of use of the worshipped element, would appear, for all purposes at least of poetry, fully sufficient.

In addition to these agreeable testimonies, I have also heard, and, need hardly add, with some pride and pleasure, that parts of this work have been rendered into Persian, and have found their way to Ispahan. To this fact, as I am willing to think it, allusion is made in some

\* Tradunt autem Hebræi hanc fabulam quod Abraham in ignem missus sit quia ignem adorare noluit. — ST. HIERON. *in quæst. in Genesim.*

lively verses, written many years since, by my friend, Mr. Luttrell:—

“ I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,  
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)  
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,  
Along the streets of Ispahan.”

That some knowledge of the work may have really reached that region, appears not improbable from a passage in the Travels of Mr. Frazer, who says, that “ being delayed for some time at a town on the shores of the Caspian, he was lucky enough to be able to amuse himself with a copy of Lalla Rookh, which a Persian had lent him.”

Of the description of Balbec, in “ Paradise and the Peri,” Mr. Carne, in his Letters from the East, thus speaks: “ The description in Lalla Rookh of the plain and its ruins is exquisitely faithful. The minaret is on the declivity near at hand, and there wanted only the muezzin's cry to break the silence.”

I shall now tax my reader's patience with

but one more of these generous vouchers. Whatever of vanity there may be in citing such tributes, they show, at least, of what great value, even in poetry, is that prosaic quality, industry; since, as the reader of the foregoing pages is now fully apprized, it was in a slow and laborious collection of small facts, that the first foundations of this fanciful Romance were laid.

The friendly testimony I have just referred to, appeared, some years since, in the form in which I now give it, and, if I recollect right, in the *Athenæum*: —

“ I embrace this opportunity of bearing my individual testimony (if it be of any value) to the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Moore, in his topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, whether of costume, manners, or less-changing monuments, both in his *Lalla Rookh* and in the *Epicurean*. It has been my fortune to read his *Atlantic*, *Bermudean*, and *American Odes and Epistles*, in the countries



and among the people to which and to whom they related; I enjoyed also the exquisite delight of reading his *Lalla Rookh*, in Persia itself: and I have perused the *Epicurean*, while all my recollections of Egypt and its still existing wonders are as fresh as when I quitted the banks of the Nile for Arabia:—I owe it, therefore, as a debt of gratitude (though the payment is most inadequate), for the great pleasure I have derived from his productions, to bear my humble testimony to their local fidelity.

“J. S. B.”

Among the incidents connected with this work, I must not omit to notice the splendid *Divertissement*, founded upon it, which was acted at the *Château Royal* of Berlin, during the visit of the Grand Duke Nicholas to that capital, in the year 1822. The different stories composing the work were represented in *Tableaux Vivans* and songs; and among the

crowd of royal and noble personages engaged in the performances, I shall mention those only who represented the principal characters, and whom I find thus enumerated in the published account of the Divertissement.\*

" Fadladin, Grand-Nasir,	.	{ <i>Comte Haach, (Maréchal de</i>
		{ <i>Cour).</i>
Aliris, Roi de Bucharie	.	<i>S. A. I. Le Grand Duc.</i>
Lallah Roûkh	.	<i>S. A. I. La Grande Duchesse.</i>
Aurungzeb, le Grand Mogol		{ <i>S. A. R. Le Prince Guil-</i>
		{ <i>laume, frère du Roi.</i>
Abdallah, Père d'Aliris	.	{ <i>S. A. R. Le Duc de Cum-</i>
		{ <i>berland.</i>
La Reine, son épouse	.	{ <i>S. A. R. La Princesse Louise</i>
		{ <i>Radzivil.</i> "

Besides these and other leading personages, there were also brought into action, under the various denominations of Seigneurs et Dames de Bucharie, Dames de Cachemire, Seigneurs et Dames dansans à la Fête des Roses, &c. nearly 150 persons.

Of the manner and style in which the Ta-

\* Lalla Roûkh, Divertissement mêlé de Chants et de Danses, Berlin, 1822. The work contains a series of coloured engravings, representing groups, processions, &c., in different Oriental costumes.

bleaux of the different stories are described in the work from which I cite, the following account of the performance of Paradise and the Peri will afford some specimen :—

“ La décoration représentoit les portes brillantes du Paradis, entourées de nuages. Dans le premier tableau on voyoit la Péri, triste et desolée, couchée sur le seuil des portes fermées, et l'Ange de lumière qui lui adresse des consolations et des conseils. Le second représente le moment, où la Peri, dans l'espoir que ce don lui ouvrira l'entrée du Paradis recueille la dernière goutte de sang que vient de verser le jeune guerrier Indien. . . . .

“ La Péri et l'Ange de lumière répondoient pleinement à l'image et à l'idée qu'on est tenté de se faire de ces deux individus, et l'impression qu'a faite généralement la suite des tableaux de cet épisode délicat et intéressant est loin de s'effacer de notre souvenir.”

In this grand Fête, it appears, originated the translation of Lalla Rookh into German

verse, by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué ; and the circumstances which led him to undertake the task, are described by himself, in a Dedicatory Poem to the Empress of Russia, which he has prefixed to his translation. As soon as the performance, he tells us, had ended, Lalla Rookh (the Empress herself) exclaimed, with a sigh, “Is it, then, all over? are we now at the close of all that has given us so much delight? and lives there no poet who will impart to others, and to future times, some notion of the happiness we have enjoyed this evening?” On hearing this appeal, a Knight of Cashmere (who is no other than the poetical Baron himself) comes forward and promises to attempt to present to the world “the Poem itself in the measure of the original:” — whereupon Lalla Rookh, it is added, approvingly smiled.

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LALLA ROOKH.





TO  
SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THIS EASTERN ROMANCE

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS VERY GRATEFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

THOMAS MOORE.

*May 19. 1817.*



## LALLA ROOKH.

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IN the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visiter and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia.\* During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi,

\* These particulars of the visit of the King of Bucharia to Aurungzebe are found in *Dow's History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 392.

a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, LALLA ROOKH\*; — a Princess described by the poets of her time as more beautiful than Leila†, Shirine‡, Dewildé§, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and, after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hills into Bucharia.

The day of LALLA ROOKH's departure from

\* Tulip cheek.

† The mistress of Mejnoun, upon whose story so many Romances in all the languages of the East are founded.

‡ For the loves of this celebrated beauty with Khosrou and with Ferhad, see *D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oriental Collections, &c.*

§ "The history of the loves of Dewildé and Chizer, the son of the Emperor Alla, is written in an elegant poem, by the noble Chusero." — *Ferishta.*

Delhi was as splendid as sunshine and pageantry could make it. The bazaars and baths were all covered with the richest tapestry; hundreds of gilded barges upon the Jumna floated with their banners shining in the water; while through the streets groups of beautiful children went strewing the most delicious flowers around, as in that Persian festival called the Scattering of the Roses\*; till every part of the city was as fragrant as if a caravan of musk from Khoten had passed through it. The Princess, having taken leave of her kind father, who at parting hung a cornelian of Yemen round her neck, on which was inscribed a verse from the Koran, and having sent a considerable present to the Fakirs, who kept up the Perpetual Lamp in her sister's tomb, meekly ascended the palankeen prepared for her; and, while Aurungzebe stood to take a last look from his balcony, the procession moved slowly on the road to Lahore.

\* Gul Reazee.

Seldom had the Eastern world seen a cavalcade so superb. From the gardens in the suburbs to the Imperial palace, it was one unbroken line of splendour. The gallant appearance of the Rajahs and Mogul lords, distinguished by those insignia of the Emperor's favour\*, the feathers of the egret of Cashmere in their turbans, and the small silver-rimmed kettle-drums at the bows of their saddles;—the costly armour of their cavaliers, who vied, on this occasion, with the guards of the great Keder Khan†, in the brightness of their silver

\* "One mark of honour or knighthood bestowed by the Emperor is the permission to wear a small kettledrum at the bows of their saddles, which at first was invented for the training of hawks, and to call them to the lure, and is worn in the field by all sportsmen to that end." — *Fryer's Travels*.

"Those on whom the King has conferred the privilege must wear an ornament of jewels on the right side of the turban, surmounted by a high plume of the feathers of a kind of egret. This bird is found only in Cashmere, and the feathers are carefully collected for the King, who bestows them on his nobles." — *Elphinstone's Account of Caubul*.

† "Khedar Khan, the Khakan, or King of Turkestan beyond the Gihon (at the end of the eleventh century), whenever he appeared abroad was preceded by seven hundred horsemen with silver battle-axes, and was followed by an

battle-axes and the massiness of their maces of gold;—the glittering of the gilt pine-apples\* on the tops of the palankeens;—the embroidered trappings of the elephants, bearing on their backs small turrets, in the shape of little antique temples, within which the Ladies of LALLA ROOKH lay as it were enshrined;—the rose-coloured veils of the Princess's own sumptuous litter†, at the front of which a fair young

equal number bearing maces of gold. He was a great patron of poetry, and it was he who used to preside at public exercises of genius, with four basins of gold and silver by him to distribute among the poets who excelled." — *Richardson's Dissertation* prefixed to his *Dictionary*.

\* "The kubdeh, a large golden knob, generally in the shape of a pine-apple, on the top of the canopy over the litter or palanquin." — *Scott's Notes on the Bahardanush*.

† In the Poem of Zohair, in the *Moallakat*, there is the following lively description of "a company of maidens seated on camels."

"They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson Andem-wood.

"When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the saddle-cloth, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

"Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue-gushing rivulet, they fix the poles of their tents like the Arab with a settled mansion."

female slave sat fanning her through the curtains, with feathers of the Argus pheasant's wing \*; — and the lovely troop of Tartarian and Cashmerian maids of honour, whom the young King had sent to accompany his bride, and who rode on each side of the litter, upon small Arabian horses; — all was brilliant, tasteful, and magnificent, and pleased even the critical and fastidious FADLADEEN, Great Nazir or Chamberlain of the Haram, who was borne in his palankeen immediately after the Princess, and considered himself not the least important personage of the pageant.

FADLADEEN was a judge of every thing, — from the pencilling of a Circassian's eyelids to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of rose-leaves to the composition of an epic poem: and such influence had his opinion upon the various

\* See *Bernier's* description of the attendants on Rauchanara-Begum, in her progress to Cashmere.



tastes of the day, that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him. His political conduct and opinions were founded upon that line of Sadi,—“Should the Prince at noon-day say, It is night, declare that you behold the moon and stars.”—And his zeal for religion, of which Aurungzebe was a munificent protector\*, was about as disinterested as that of the goldsmith who fell in love with the diamond eyes of the idol of Jaghernaut.†

\* This hypocritical Emperor would have made a worthy associate of certain Holy Leagues. —“He held the cloak of religion (says Dow) between his actions and the vulgar; and impiously thanked the Divinity for a success which he owed to his own wickedness. When he was murdering and persecuting his brothers and their families, he was building a magnificent mosque at Delhi, as an offering to God for his assistance to him in the civil wars. He acted as high priest at the consecration of this temple; and made a practice of attending divine service there, in the humble dress of a Fakcer. But when he lifted one hand to the Divinity, he, with the other, signed warrants for the assassination of his relations.”—*History of Hindostan*, vol. iii. p. 335. See also the curious letter of Aurungzebe, given in the *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 320.

† “The idol at Jaghernat has two fine diamonds for eyes. No goldsmith is suffered to enter the Pagoda, one having stole one of these eyes, being locked up all night with the Idol.”—*Tavernier*.

During the first days of their journey, LALLA ROOKH, who had passed all her life within the shadow of the Royal Gardens of Delhi\*, found enough in the beauty of the scenery through which they passed to interest her mind, and delight her imagination; and when at evening, or in the heat of the day, they turned off from the high road to those retired and romantic places which had been selected for her encampments, — sometimes on the banks of a small rivulet, as clear as the waters of the Lake of Pearl†; sometimes under the sacred shade of a Banyan tree, from which the view opened upon a glade covered with antelopes; and often in

\* See a description of these royal Gardens in “An Account of the present State of Delhi, by Lieut. W. Franklin.” — *Asiat. Research.* vol. iv. p. 417.

† “In the neighbourhood is Notte Gill, or the Lake of Pearl, which receives this name from its pellucid water.” — *Pennant's Hindostan.*

“Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Motee Talah, ‘the Lake of Pearls,’ which it still retains.” — *Wilks's South of India.*

those hidden, embowered spots, described by one from the Isles of the West\*, as “places of melancholy, delight, and safety, where all the company around was wild peacocks and turtle-doves;”—she felt a charm in these scenes, so lovely and so new to her, which, for a time, made her indifferent to every other amusement. But LALLA ROOKH was young, and the young love variety; nor could the conversation of her Ladies and the Great Chamberlain, FADLADEEN, (the only persons, of course, admitted to her pavilion,) sufficiently enliven those many vacant hours, which were devoted neither to the pillow nor the palankeen. There was a little Persian slave who sung sweetly to the Vina, and who, now and then, lulled the Princess to sleep with the ancient ditties of her country, about the loves of Wamak and Ezra†, the fair-haired Zal

\* Sir Thomas Roe, Ambassador from James I. to Jehanguire.

† “The romance Wemakweazra, written in Persian verse, which contains the loves of Wamak and Ezra, two celebrated lovers who lived before the time of Mahomet.” — *Note on the Oriental Tales.*

and his mistress Rodahver\*; not forgetting the combat of Rustam with the terrible White Demon.† At other times she was amused by those graceful dancing-girls of Delhi, who had been permitted by the Bramins of the Great Pagoda to attend her, much to the horror of the good Mussulman FADLADEEN, who could see nothing graceful or agreeable in idolaters, and to whom the very tinkling of their golden anklets‡ was an abomination.

\* Their amour is recounted in the Shah-Namêh of Ferdousi; and there is much beauty in the passage which describes the slaves of Rodahver sitting on the bank of the river and throwing flowers into the stream, in order to draw the attention of the young Hero who is encamped on the opposite side. — See *Champion's* translation.

† Rustam is the Hercules of the Persians. For the particulars of his victory over the Sepeed Deeve, or White Demon, see *Oriental Collections*, vol. ii. p. 45. — Near the city of Shirauz is an immense quadrangular monument, in commemoration of this combat, called the Kelaat-i-Deev Sepeed, or castle of the White Giant, which Father Angelo, in his *Gazophilacium Persicum*, p. 127., declares to have been the most memorable monument of antiquity which he had seen in Persia. — See *Ouseley's* Persian Miscellanies.

‡ “The women of the Idol, or dancing girls of the Pagoda, have little golden bells, fastened to their feet, the soft harmonious tinkling of which vibrates in unison with the ex-

But these and many other diversions were repeated till they lost all their charm, and the nights and noon-days were beginning to move heavily, when, at length, it was recollected that, among the attendants sent by the bridegroom, was a young poet of Cashmere, much celebrated throughout the Valley for his manner of reciting the Stories of the East, on whom his Royal Master had conferred the privilege of being admitted to the pavilion of the Princess, that he might help to beguile the tediousness of the journey by some of his most agreeable recitals. At the mention of a poet, FADLADEEN elevated his critical eyebrows, and, having refreshed his

quisite melody of their voices." — *Maurice's Indian Antiquities*.

"The Arabian courtesans, like the Indian women, have little golden bells fastened round their legs, neck, and elbows, to the sound of which they dance before the King. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they themselves receive in passing the homage due to them." — See *Calmet's Dictionary*, art. Bells.

faculties with a dose of that delicious opium\* which is distilled from the black poppy of the Thebais, gave orders for the minstrel to be forthwith introduced into the presence.

The Princess, who had once in her life seen a poet from behind the screens of gauze in her Father's hall, and had conceived from that specimen no very favourable ideas of the Caste, expected but little in this new exhibition to interest her;—she felt inclined, however, to alter her opinion on the very first appearance of FERAMORZ. He was a youth about LALLA ROOKH's own age, and graceful as that idol of women, Crishna†,—such as he appears to their young imaginations, heroic, beautiful, breathing music from his very eyes, and exalting the reli-

\* “ Abou-Tige, ville de la Thebaïde, où il croit beaucoup de pavot noir, dont se fait le meilleur opium.” — *D'Herbelot*.

† The Indian Apollo. — “ He and the three Rámas are described as youths of perfect beauty; and the princesses of Hindustán were all passionately in love with Chrishna, who continues to this hour the darling God of the Indian women.” — *Sir W. Jones*, on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.

gion of his worshippers into love. His dress was simple, yet not without some marks of costliness; and the Ladies of the Princess were not long in discovering that the cloth, which encircled his high Tartarian cap, was of the most delicate kind that the shawl-goats of Tibet supply.\* Here and there, too, over his vest, which was confined by a flowered girdle of Kashan, hung strings of fine pearl, disposed with an air of studied negligence;—nor did the exquisite embroidery of his sandals escape the observation of these fair critics; who, however they might give way to FADLADEEN upon the unimportant topics of religion and government, had the spirit of martyrs in every thing relating to such momentous matters as jewels and embroidery.

For the purpose of relieving the pauses of

\* See *Turner's Embassy* for a description of this animal, "the most beautiful among the whole tribe of goats." The material for the shawls (which is carried to Cashmere) is found next the skin.

recitation by music, the young Cashmerian held in his hand a kitar;—such as, in old times, the Arab maids of the West used to listen to by moonlight in the gardens of the Alhambra—and, having premised, with much humility, that the story he was about to relate was founded on the adventures of that Veiled Prophet of Khorassan\*, who, in the year of the Hegira 163, created such alarm throughout the Eastern Empire, made an obeisance to the Princess, and thus began:—

\* For the real history of this Impostor, whose original name was Hakem ben Haschem, and who was called Mocanna from the veil of silver gauze (or, as others say, golden) which he always wore, see *D'Herbelot*.



THE  
VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.\*

IN that delightful Province of the Sun,  
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,  
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,  
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream†,  
And, fairest of all streams, the MURGA roves  
Among MEROU'S‡ bright palaces and groves; —  
There on that throne, to which the blind belief  
Of millions rais'd him, sat the Prophet-Chief,  
The Great MOKANNA. O'er his features hung  
The Veil, the Silver Veil, which he had flung

\* Khorassan signifies, in the old Persian language, Province or Region of the Sun. — *Sir W. Jones.*

† "The fruits of Meru are finer than those of any other place; and one cannot see in any other city such palaces with groves, and streams, and gardens." — *Ebn Haukal's Geography.*

‡ One of the royal cities of Khorassan.

In mercy there, to hide from mortal sight  
His dazzling brow, till man could bear its light.  
For, far less luminous, his votaries said,  
Were ev'n the gleams, miraculously shed  
O'er MOUSSA's\* cheek†, when down the Mount he  
trod,  
All glowing from the presence of his God !

On either side, with ready hearts and hands,  
His chosen guard of bold Believers stands ;  
Young fire-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,  
On points of faith, more eloquent than words ;  
And such their zeal, there's not a youth with brand  
Uplifted there, but, at the Chief's command,  
Would make his own devoted heart its sheath,  
And bless the lips that doom'd so dear a death !  
In hatred to the Caliph's hue of night‡,  
Their vesture, helms and all, is snowy white ;

\* Moses.

† “ Ses disciples assuroient qu'il se couvroit le visage, pour ne pas éblouir ceux qui l'approchoient par l'éclat de son visage comme Moyse.” — *D'Herbelot*.

‡ Black was the colour adopted by the Caliphs of the House of Abbas, in their garments, turbans, and standards. — “ Il faut remarquer ici touchant les habits blancs des disciples de Hakem, que la couleur des habits, des cœffures et des éten-

Their weapons various — some equipp'd, for speed,  
 With javelins of the light Kathaian reed\* ;  
 Or bows of buffalo horn and shining quivers  
 Fill'd with the stems† that bloom on IRAN's rivers‡ ;  
 While some, for war's more terrible attacks,  
 Wield the huge mace and ponderous battle-axe ;  
 And as they wave aloft in morning's beam  
 The milk-white plumage of their helmets, they seem  
 Like a chenar-tree grove§ when winter throws  
 O'er all its tufted heads his feathering snows.

Between the porphyry pillars, that uphold  
 The rich moresque-work of the roof of gold,

darts des Khalifes Abassides étant la noire, ce chef de Rebelles ne pouvoit pas choisir une qui lui fût plus opposée." — *D'Herbelot*.

\* " Our dark javelins, exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate." — *Poem of Amru*.

† Pichula, used anciently for arrows by the Persians.

‡ The Persians call this plant Gaz. The celebrated shaft of Isfendiar, one of their ancient heroes, was made of it. — " Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of this plant in flower during the rains on the banks of rivers, where it is usually interwoven with a lovely twining asclepias." — *Sir W. Jones, Botanical Observations on Select Indian Plants.*

§ The oriental plane. " The chenar is a delightful tree; its bole is of a fine white and smooth bark; and its foliage, which grows in a tuft at the summit, is of a bright green." — *Morier's Travels*.

Aloft the Haram's curtain'd galleries rise,  
Where through the silken net-work, glancing eyes,  
From time to time, like sudden gleams that glow  
Through autumn clouds, shine o'er the pomp below.—  
What impious tongue, ye blushing saints, would dare  
To hint that aught but Heav'n hath plac'd you there?  
Or that the loves of this light world could bind,  
In their gross chain, your Prophet's soaring mind?  
No — wrongful thought! — commission'd from above  
To people Eden's bowers with shapes of love,  
(Creatures so bright, that the same lips and eyes  
They wear on earth will serve in Paradise,)  
There to recline among Heav'n's native maids,  
And crown the' Elect with bliss that never fades —  
Well hath the Prophet-Chief his bidding done;  
And every beauteous race beneath the sun,  
From those who kneel at BRAHMA's burning fount\*,  
To the fresh nymphs bounding o'er YEMEN's mounts;  
From PERSIA's eyes of full and fawn-like ray,  
To the small, half-shut glances of KATHAY †;

\* The burning fountains of Brahma near Chittogong, esteemed as holy. — *Turner*.

† China.

And GEORGIA's bloom, and AZAB's darker smiles,  
And the gold ringlets of the Western Isles ;  
All, all are there ; — each Land its flower hath given,  
To form that fair young Nursery for Heaven !

But why this pageant now ? this arm'd array ?  
What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day  
With turban'd heads, of every hue and race,  
Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,  
Like tulip-beds \*, of different shape and dyes,  
Bending beneath the' invisible West-wind's sighs !  
What new-made mystery now, for Faith to sign,  
And blood to seal, as genuine and divine,  
What dazzling mimicry of God's own power  
Hath the bold Prophet plann'd to grace this hour ?

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud ;  
Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,  
With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,  
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape †,

\* “ The name of tulip is said to be of Turkish extraction,  
and given to the flower on account of its resembling a turban.”  
— *Beckmann's History of Inventions.*

† “ The inhabitants of Bucharía wear a round cloth bonnet,

So fiercely beautiful in form and eye,  
Like war's wild planet in a summer sky ;  
That youth to-day, — a proselyte, worth hordes  
Of cooler spirits and less practis'd swords, —  
Is come to join, all bravery and belief,  
The creed and standard of the heav'n-sent Chief.

Though few his years, the West already knows  
Young AZIM's fame ;—beyond the' Olympian snows  
Ere manhood darken'd o'er his downy cheek,  
O'erwhelm'd in fight and captive to the Greek\*,  
He linger'd there, till peace dissolved his chains ;—  
Oh, who could, ev'n in bondage, tread the plains  
Of glorious GREECE, nor feel his spirit rise  
Kindling within him? who, with heart and eyes,  
Could walk where Liberty had been, nor see  
The shining foot-prints of her Deity,  
Nor feel those god-like breathings in the air,  
Which mutely told her spirit had been there?

shaped much after the Polish fashion, having a large fur border. They tie their kaftans about the middle with a girdle of a kind of silk crape, several times round the body."— *Account of Independent Tartary, in Pinkerton's Collection.*

\* In the war of the Caliph Mahadi against the Empress Irene, for an account of which vide *Gibbon*, vol. x.

Not he, that youthful warrior, — no, too well  
For his soul's quiet work'd the' awakening spell;  
And now, returning to his own dear land,  
Full of those dreams of good that, vainly grand,  
Haunt the young heart, — proud views of human-kind,  
Of men to Gods exalted and refin'd, —  
False views, like that horizon's fair deceit,  
Where earth and heav'n but *seem*, alas, to meet! —  
Soon as he heard an Arm Divine was rais'd  
To right the nations, and beheld, emblaz'd  
On the white flag MOKANNA's host unfurl'd,  
Those words of sunshine, "Freedom to the World,"  
At once his faith, his sword, his soul obey'd  
The' inspiring summons; every chosen blade  
That fought beneath that banner's sacred text  
Seem'd doubly edg'd, for this world and the next;  
And ne'er did Faith with her smooth bandage bind  
Eyes more devoutly willing to be blind,  
In virtue's cause; — never was soul inspir'd  
With livelier trust in what it most desir'd,  
Than his, the' enthusiast there, who kneeling, pale  
With pious awe, before that Silver Veil,  
Believes the form, to which he bends his knee,  
Some pure, redeeming angel, sent to free

This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,  
And bring its primal glories back again !

Low as young AZIM knelt, that motley crowd  
Of all earth's nations sunk the knee and bow'd,  
With shouts of "ALLA !" echoing long and loud ;  
While high in air, above the Prophet's head,  
Hundreds of banners, to the sunbeam spread,  
Wav'd, like the wings of the white birds that fan  
The flying throne of star-taught SOLIMAN.\*  
Then thus he spoke : — " Stranger, though new the  
frame  
" Thy soul inhabits now, I've track'd its flame

\* This wonderful Throne was called The Star of the Genii. For a full description of it, see the Fragment, translated by Captain Franklin, from a Persian MS. entitled " The History of Jerusalem," *Oriental Collections*, vol. i. p. 235. — When Soliman travelled, the eastern writers say, " He had a carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand upon, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left ; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased ; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy to shade them from the sun." — *Sale's Koran*, vol. ii. p. 214. note.



“ For many an age\*, in every chance and change  
“ Of that existence, through whose varied range, —  
“ As through a torch-race, where, from hand to  
    hand  
“ The flying youths transmit their shining brand,  
“ From frame to frame the unextinguish’d soul  
“ Rapidly passes, till it reach the goal !

“ Nor think ’tis only the gross Spirits, warm’d  
“ With duskier fire and for earth’s medium form’d,  
“ That run this course ; — Beings, the most divine,  
“ Thus deign through dark mortality to shine.  
“ Such was the Essence that in ADAM dwelt,  
“ To which all Heav’n, except the Proud One,  
    knelt : †  
“ Such the refin’d Intelligence that glow’d  
“ In MOUSSA’S ‡ frame, — and, thence descending,  
    flow’d

\* The transmigration of souls was one of his doctrines. —  
Vide *D’Herbelot*.

† “ And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam,  
they all worshipped him except Eblis (Lucifer), who refused.”  
— *The Koran*, chap. ii.

‡ Moses.

“ Through many a Prophet’s breast\* ; — in ISSA †  
shone,  
“ And in MOHAMMED burn’d ; till, hastening on,  
“ (As a bright river that, from fall to fall  
“ In many a maze descending, bright through all,  
“ Finds some fair region where, each labyrinth past,  
“ In one full lake of light it rests at last)  
“ That Holy Spirit, settling calm and free  
“ From lapse or shadow, centers all in me !”

Again, throughout the’ assembly at these words,  
Thousands of’ voices rung : the warriors’ swords  
Were pointed up to heaven ; a sudden wind  
In the’ open banners play’d, and from behind  
Those Persian hangings, that but ill could screen  
The Haram’s loveliness, white hands were seen

\* This is according to D’Herbelot’s account of the doctrines of Mokanna : — “ Sa doctrine étoit, que Dieu avoit pris une forme et figure humaine, depuis qu’il eut commandé aux Anges d’adorer Adam, le premier des hommes. Qu’après la mort d’Adam, Dieu étoit apparu sous la figure de plusieurs Prophètes, et autres grands hommes qu’il avoit choisis, jusqu’à ce qu’il prit celle d’Abu Moslem, Prince de Khorassan, lequel professoit l’erreur de la Tenassukhiab ou Metempschychose ; et qu’après la mort de ce Prince, la Divinité étoit passée, et descendue en sa personne.”

† Jesus.

Waving embroider'd scarves, whose motion gave  
A perfume forth — like those the Houris wave  
When beck'ning to their bowers the' immortal Brave.

“ But these,” pursued the Chief, “ are truths  
sublime,

“ That claim a holier mood and calmer time  
“ Than earth allows us now ; — this sword must first  
“ The darkling prison-house of Mankind burst,  
“ Ere Peace can visit them, or Truth let in  
“ Her wakening daylight on a world of sin.  
“ But then, — celestial warriors, then, when all  
“ Earth's shrines and thrones before our banner fall ;  
“ When the glad Slave shall at these feet lay down  
“ His broken chain, the tyrant Lord his crown,  
“ The Priest his book, the Conqueror his wreath,  
“ And from the lips of Truth one mighty breath  
“ Shall, like a whirlwind, scatter in its breeze  
“ That whole dark pile of human mockeries ; —  
“ Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,  
“ And starting fresh as from a second birth,  
“ Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,  
“ Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing !

“ Then, too, your Prophet from his angel brow  
“ Shall cast the Veil that hides its splendours now,  
“ And gladden’d Earth shall, through her wide ex-  
panse,  
“ Bask in the glories of this countenance !

“ For thee, young warrior, welcome!—thou hast yet  
“ Some tasks to learn, some frailties to forget,  
“ Ere the white war-plume o’er thy brow can wave;—  
“ But, once my own, mine all till in the grave !”

The pomp is at an end — the crowds are gone —  
Each ear and heart still haunted by the tone  
Of that deep voice, which thrill’d like ALLA’S own !  
The Young all dazzled by the plumes and lances,  
The glittering throne, and Haram’s half-caught  
glances ;

The Old deep pondering on the promis’d reign  
Of peace and truth ; and all the female train  
Ready to risk their eyes, could they but gaze  
A moment on that brow’s miraculous blaze !

But there was one, among the chosen maids,  
Who blush’d behind the gallery’s silken shades,

One, to whose soul the pageant of to-day  
Has been like death : — you saw her pale dismay,  
Ye wondering sisterhood, and heard the burst  
Of exclamation from her lips, when first  
She saw that youth, too well, too dearly known,  
Silently kneeling at the Prophet's throne.

Ah ZELICA ! there *was* a time, when bliss  
Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his ;  
When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air  
In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer ;  
When round him hung such a perpetual spell,  
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.  
Too happy days ! when, if he touch'd a flower  
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour ;  
When thou didst study him till every tone  
And gesture and dear look became thy own, —  
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face  
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,  
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught  
With twice the' aërial sweetness it had brought !  
Yet now he comes, — brighter than even he  
E'er beam'd before, — but, ah ! not bright for thee ;

No — dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant  
From the' other world, he comes as if to haunt  
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,  
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight: —  
Sad dreams ! as when the Spirit of our Youth  
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth  
And innocence once ours, and leads us back,  
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track  
Of our young life, and points out every ray  
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way !

Once happy pair ! — In proud BOKHARA's groves,  
Who had not heard of their first youthful loves ?  
Born by that ancient flood \*, which from its spring  
In the dark Mountains swiftly wandering,  
Enrich'd by every pilgrim brook that shines  
With relics from BUCHARIA's ruby mines,  
And, lending to the CASPIAN half its strength,  
In the cold Lake of Eagles sinks at length ; —

\* The Amoo, which rises in the Belur Tag, or Dark Mountains, and running nearly from east to west, splits into two branches; one of which falls into the Caspian sea, and the other into Aral Nahr, or the Lake of Eagles.

There, on the banks of that bright river born,  
The flowers, that hung above its wave at morn,  
Bless'd not the waters, as they murmur'd by,  
With holier scent and lustre, than the sigh  
And virgin-glance of first affection cast  
Upon their youth's smooth current, as it pass'd !  
But war disturb'd this vision, — far away  
From her fond eyes summon'd to join the' array  
Of PERSIA'S warriors on the hills of THRACE,  
The youth exchange'd his sylvan dwelling-place  
For the rude tent and war-field's deathful clash ;  
His ZELICA'S sweet glances for the flash  
Of Grecian wild-fire, and Love's gentle chains  
For bleeding bondage on BYZANTIUM'S plains.

Month after month, in widowhood of soul  
Drooping, the maiden saw two summers roll  
Their suns away — but, ah, how cold and dim  
Ev'n summer suns, when not beheld with him !  
From time to time ill-omen'd rumours came,  
Like spirit-tongues, mutt'ring the sick man's name,  
Just ere he dies :— at length those sounds of  
dread  
Fell withering on her soul, “ AZIM is dead ! ”

Oh Grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate  
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate  
In the wide world, without that only tie  
For which it lov'd to live or fear'd to die ;—  
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken  
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken !

Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,  
Ev'n reason sunk, — blighted beneath its touch ;  
And though, ere long, her sanguine spirit rose  
Above the first dead pressure of its woes,  
Though health and bloom return'd, the delicate  
chain

Of thought, once tangled, never clear'd again.  
Warm, lively, soft as in youth's happiest day,  
The mind was still all there, but turn'd astray ;—  
A wandering bark, upon whose pathway shone  
All stars of heaven, except the guiding one !  
Again she smil'd, nay, much and brightly smil'd,  
But 'twas a lustre, strange, unreal, wild ;  
And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,  
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,



The bulbul\* utters, ere her soul depart,  
When, vanquish'd by some minstrel's powerful art,  
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Such was the mood in which that mission found  
Young ZELICA, — that mission, which around  
The Eastern world, in every region blest  
With woman's smile, sought out its loveliest,  
To grace that galaxy of lips and eyes  
Which the Veil'd Prophet destin'd for the skies: —  
And such quick welcome as a spark receives  
Dropp'd on a bed of Autumn's wither'd leaves,  
Did every tale of these enthusiasts find  
In the wild maiden's sorrow-blighted mind.  
All fire at once the madd'ning zeal she caught; —  
Elect of Paradise! blest, rapturous thought!  
Predestin'd bride, in heaven's eternal dome,  
Of some brave youth — ha! durst they say "of *some*?"  
No — of the one, one only object trac'd  
In her heart's core too deep to be effac'd;  
The one whose memory, fresh as life, is twin'd  
With every broken link of her lost mind;

\* The nightingale.

Whose image lives, though Reason's self be wreck'd,  
Safe 'mid the ruins of her intellect !

Alas, poor ZELICA ! it needed all  
The fantasy, which held thy mind in thrall,  
To see in that gay Haram's glowing maids  
A sainted colony for Eden's shades ;  
Or dream that he,—of whose unholy flame  
Thou wert too soon the victim,—shining came  
From Paradise, to people its pure sphere  
With souls like thine, which he hath ruin'd here !  
No—had not reason's light totally set,  
And left thee dark, thou hadst an amulet  
In the lov'd image, graven on thy heart,  
Which would have sav'd thee from the tempter's  
art,  
And kept alive, in all its bloom of breath,  
That purity, whose fading is love's death !—  
But lost, inflam'd,—a restless zeal took place  
Of the mild virgin's still and feminine grace ;  
First of the Prophet's favourites, proudly first  
In zeal and charms,—too well the' Impostor nurs'd  
Her soul's delirium, in whose active flame,  
Thus lighting up a young, luxuriant frame,

He saw more potent sorceries to bind  
To his dark yoke the spirits of mankind,  
More subtle chains than hell itself e'er twin'd.  
No art was spar'd, no witchery ;—all the skill  
His demons taught him was employ'd to fill  
Her mind with gloom and ecstasy by turns—  
That gloom, through which Frenzy but fiercer  
burns ;  
That ecstasy, which from the depth of sadness  
Glares like the maniac's moon, whose light is mad-  
ness !

'Twas from a brilliant banquet, where the sound  
Of poesy and music breath'd around,  
Together picturing to her mind and ear  
The glories of that heav'n, her destin'd sphere,  
Where all was pure, where every stain that lay  
Upon the spirit's light should pass away,  
And, realizing more than youthful love  
E'er wish'd or dream'd, she should for ever rove  
Through fields of fragrance by her AZIM's side,  
His own bless'd, purified, eternal bride !—  
'Twas from a scene, a witching trance like this,  
He hurried her away, yet breathing bliss,

To the dim charnel-house ;—through all its steams  
Of damp and death, led only by those gleams  
Which foul Corruption lights, as with design  
To show the gay and proud *she* too can shine—  
And, passing on through upright ranks of Dead,  
Which to the maiden, doubly craz'd by dread,  
Seem'd, through the bluish death-light round them  
cast,

To move their lips in mutterings as she pass'd—  
There, in that awful place, when each had quaff'd  
And pledg'd in silence such a fearful draught,  
Such — oh ! the look and taste of that red bowl  
Will haunt her till she dies—he bound her soul  
By a dark oath, in hell's own language fram'd,  
Never, while earth his mystic presence claim'd,  
While the blue arch of day hung o'er them both,  
Never, by that all-imprecating oath,  
In joy or sorrow from his side to sever.—  
She swore, and the wide charnel echoed, “Never,  
never !”

From that dread hour, entirely, wildly given  
To him and—she believ'd, lost maid !—to heaven ;

Her brain, her heart, her passions all inflam'd,  
How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd  
The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes  
With light, alas, that was not of the skies,  
When round, in trances, only less than hers,  
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers.  
Well might MOKANNA think that form alone  
Had spells enough to make the world his own:—  
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play  
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,  
When from its stem the small bird wings away:  
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd,  
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild  
As are the momentary meteors sent  
Across the' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.  
And then her look—oh! where's the heart so wise  
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?  
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,  
Like those of angels, just before their fall;  
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now crost  
By glimpses of the Heav'n her heart had lost;  
In every glance there broke, without controul,  
The flashes of a bright, but troubled soul,

Where sensibility still wildly play'd,  
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made !

And such was now young ZELICA—so chang'd  
From her who, some years since, delighted rang'd  
The almond groves that shade BOKHARA's tide,  
All life and bliss, with AZIM by her side !  
So alter'd was she now, this festal day,  
When, 'mid the proud Divan's dazzling array,  
The vision of that Youth whom she had lov'd,  
Had wept as dead, before her breath'd and mov'd ;—  
When—bright, she thought, as if from Eden's track  
But half-way trodden, he had wander'd back  
Again to earth, glistening with Eden's light—  
Her beauteous AZIM shone before her sight.

O Reason ! who shall say what spells renew,  
When least we look for it, thy broken clew !  
Through what small vistas o'er the darken'd brain  
Thy intellectual day-beam bursts again ;  
And how, like forts, to which beleaguers win  
Unhop'd-for entrance through some friend within,  
One clear idea, wakened in the breast  
By memory's magic, lets in all the rest.

Would it were thus, unhappy girl, with thee !  
But though light came, it came but partially ;  
Enough to show the maze, in which thy sense  
Wander'd about, — but not to guide it thence ;  
Enough to glimmer o'er the yawning wave,  
But not to point the harbour which might save.  
Hours of delight and peace, long left behind,  
With that dear form came rushing o'er her mind ;  
But, oh ! to think how deep her soul had gone  
In shame and falsehood since those moments shone ;  
And, then, her oath — *there* madness lay again,  
And, shuddering, back she sunk into her chain  
Of mental darkness, as if blest to flee  
From light, whose every glimpse was agony !  
Yet, *one* relief this glance of former years  
Brought, mingled with its pain, — tears, floods of  
tears,  
Long frozen at her heart, but now like rills  
Let loose in spring-time from the snowy hills,  
And gushing warm, after a sleep of frost,  
Through valleys where their flow had long been lost.

Sad and subdued, for the first time her frame  
Trembled with horror, when the summons came

(A summons proud and rare, which all but she,  
And she, till now, had heard with ecstasy,)  
To meet MOKANNA at his place of prayer,  
A garden oratory, cool and fair,  
By the stream's side, where still at close of day  
The Prophet of the Veil retir'd to pray;  
Sometimes alone—but, oftener far, with one,  
One chosen nymph to share his orison.

Of late none found such favour in his sight  
As the young Priestess; and though, since that  
night  
When the death-caverns echoed every tone  
Of the dire oath that made her all his own,  
The' Impostor, sure of his infatuate prize,  
Had, more than once, thrown off his soul's disguise,  
And utter'd such unheav'nly, monstrous things,  
As ev'n across the desperate wanderings  
Of a weak intellect, whose lamp was out,  
Threw startling shadows of dismay and doubt;—  
Yet zeal, ambition, her tremendous vow,  
The thought, still haunting her, of that bright brow,  
Whose blaze, as yet from mortal eye conceal'd,  
Would soon, proud triumph! be to her reveal'd,



To her alone ;—and then the hope, most dear,  
Most wild of all, that her transgression here  
Was but a passage through earth's grosser fire,  
From which the spirit would at last aspire,  
Ev'n purer than before, —as perfumes rise  
Through flame and smoke, most welcome to the skies—  
And that when AZIM's fond, divine embrace  
Should circle her in heav'n, no darkening trace  
Would on that bosom he once lov'd remain,  
But all be bright, be pure, be *his* again !—  
These were the wildering dreams, whose curst deceit  
Had chain'd her soul beneath the tempter's feet,  
And made her think ev'n damning falsehood sweet.  
But now that Shape, which had appall'd her view,  
That Semblance—oh how terrible, if true !  
Which came across her frenzy's full career  
With shock of consciousness, cold, deep, severe,  
As when, in northern seas, at midnight dark,  
An isle of ice encounters some swift bark,  
And, startling all its wretches from their sleep,  
By one cold impulse hurls them to the deep ;—  
So came that shock not frenzy's self could bear,  
And waking up each long-lull'd image there,  
But check'd her headlong soul, to sink it in despair !

Wan and dejected, through the evening dusk,  
She now went slowly to that small kiosk,  
Where, pondering alone his impious schemes,  
MOKANNA waited her—too wrapt in dreams  
Of the fair-ripening future's rich success,  
To heed the sorrow, pale and spiritless,  
That sat upon his victim's downcast brow,  
Or mark how slow her step, how alter'd now  
From the quick, ardent Priestess, whose light bound  
Came like a spirit's o'er the' unechoing ground,—  
From that wild ZELICA, whose every glance  
Was thrilling fire, whose every thought a trance!

Upon his couch the Veil'd MOKANNA lay,  
While lamps around—not such as lend their ray,  
Glimmering and cold, to those who nightly pray  
In holy KOOM\*, or MECCA's dim arcades,—  
But brilliant, soft, such lights as lovely maids  
Look loveliest in, shed their luxurious glow  
Upon his mystic Veil's white glittering flow.

\* The cities of Com (or Koom) and Cashan are full of mosques, mausoleums, and sepulchres of the descendants of Ali, the Saints of Persia. — *Chardin*.

Beside him, 'stead of beads and books of prayer,  
Which the world fondly thought he mused on there,  
Stood Vases, fill'd with KISHMEE'S\* golden wine,  
And the red weepings of the SHIRAZ vine;  
Of which his curtain'd lips full many a draught  
Took zealously, as if each drop they quaff'd,  
Like ZEMZEM'S Spring of Holiness †, had power  
To freshen the soul's virtues into flower!  
And still he drank and ponder'd — nor could see  
The' approaching maid, so deep his reverie;  
At length, with fiendish laugh, like that which broke  
From EBLIS at the Fall of Man, he spoke: —  
“ Yes, ye vile race, for hell's amusement given,  
“ Too mean for earth, yet claiming kin with heaven;  
“ God's images, forsooth! — such gods as he  
“ Whom INDIA serves, the monkey deity ‡; —

\* An island in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for its white wine.

† The miraculous well at Mecca; so called, says Sale, from the murmuring of its waters.

‡ The god Hannaman. — “ Apes are in many parts of India highly venerated, out of respect to the God Hannaman, a deity partaking of the form of that race.” — *Pennant's Hindoostan*.

See a curious account, in *Stephen's Persia*, of a solemn em-

“ Ye creatures of a breath, proud things of clay,  
“ To whom if LUCIFER, as grandams say,  
“ Refus’d, though at the forfeit of heaven’s light,  
“ To bend in worship, LUCIFER was right ! \*—  
“ Soon shall I plant this foot upon the neck  
“ Of your foul race, and without fear or check,  
“ Luxuriating in hate, avenge my shame,  
“ My deep-felt, long-nurst loathing of man’s name !—  
“ Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce  
“ As hooded falcons, through the universe

bassy from some part of the Indies to Goa, when the Portuguese were there, offering vast treasures for the recovery of a monkey’s tooth, which they held in great veneration, and which had been taken away upon the conquest of the kingdom of Jafanapatan.

\* This resolution of Eblis not to acknowledge the new creature, man, was, according to Mahometan tradition, thus adopted : — “ The earth (which God had selected for the materials of his work) was carried into Arabia to a place between Mecca and Tayef, where, being first kneaded by the angels, it was afterwards fashioned by God himself into a human form, and left to dry for the space of forty days, or, as others say, as many years ; the angels, in the mean time, often visiting it, and Eblis (then one of the angels nearest to God’s presence, afterwards the devil) among the rest ; but he, not contented with looking at it, kicked it with his foot till it rung ; and knowing God designed that creature to be his superior, took a secret resolution never to acknowledge him as such.”—*Sale* on the Koran.

" I'll sweep my darkening, desolating way,  
" Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey !

" Ye wise, ye learn'd, who grope your dull way on  
" By the dim twinkling gleams of ages gone,  
" Like superstitious thieves, who think the light  
" From dead men's marrow guides them best at  
    night\* —

" Ye shall have honours — wealth, — yes, Sages,  
    yes —

" I know, grave fools, your wisdom's nothingness ;  
" Undazzled it can track yon starry sphere,  
" But a gilt stick, a bawble blinds it here.  
" How I shall laugh, when trumpeted along,  
" In lying speech, and still more lying song,  
" By these learn'd slaves, the meanest of the throng ;  
" Their wits bought up, their wisdom shrunk so small,  
" A sceptre's puny point can wield it all !

" Ye too, believers of incredible creeds,  
" Whose faith enshrines the monsters which it breeds ;

\* A kind of lantern formerly used by robbers, called the Hand of Glory, the candle for which was made of the fat of a dead malefactor. This, however, was rather a western than an eastern superstition.

“ Who, bolder ev’n than NEMROD, think to rise,  
“ By nonsense heap’d on nonsense, to the skies ;  
“ Ye shall have miracles, aye, sound ones too,  
“ Seen, heard, attested, every thing — but true.  
“ Your preaching zealots, too inspir’d to seek  
“ One grace of meaning for the things they speak ;  
“ Your martyrs, ready to shed out their blood,  
“ For truths too heavenly to be understood ;  
“ And your State Priests, sole vendors of the lore,  
“ That works salvation ; — as, on AVA’s shore,  
“ Where none *but* priests are privileg’d to trade  
“ In that best marble of which Gods are made\* ;  
“ They shall have mysteries — aye, precious stuff  
“ For knaves to thrive by — mysteries enough ;  
“ Dark, tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave,  
“ Which simple votaries shall on trust receive,  
“ While craftier feign belief, till they believe.  
“ A Heav’n too ye must have, ye lords of dust, —  
“ A splendid Paradise, — pure souls, ye must :

\* The material of which images of Gaudma (the Birman Deity) are made, is held sacred. “ Birmans may not purchase the marble in mass, but are suffered, and indeed encouraged, to buy figures of the Deity ready made.”—*Symes’s Ava*, vol. ii. p. 376.

“ That Prophet ill sustains his holy call,  
“ Who finds not heav’ns to suit the tastes of all ;  
“ Houris for boys, omniscience for sages,  
“ And wings and glories for all ranks and ages.  
“ Vain things ! — as lust or vanity inspires,  
“ The heav’n of each is but what each desires,  
“ And, soul or sense, whate’er the object be,  
“ Man would be man to all eternity !  
“ So let him — EBLIS ! grant this crowning curse,  
“ But keep him what he is, no Hell were worse.”

“ Oh my lost soul ! ” exclaim’d the shuddering  
maid,

Whose ears had drunk like poison all he said : —  
MOKANNA started — not abash’d, afraid, —  
He knew no more of fear than one who dwells  
Beneath the tropics knows of icicles !  
But, in those dismal words that reach’d his ear,  
“ Oh my lost soul ! ” there was a sound so drear,  
So like that voice, among the sinful dead,  
In which the legend o’er Hell’s Gate is read,  
That, new as ’twas from her, whom nought could  
dim  
Or sink till now, it startled even him.

“ Ha, my fair Priestess ! ” — thus, with ready wile,  
The’ impostor turn’d to greet her — “ thou, whose  
smile

“ Hath inspiration in its rosy beam

“ Beyond the’ Enthusiast’s hope or Prophet’s dream ;

“ Light of the Faith ! who twin’st religion’s zeal

“ So close with love’s, men know not which they  
feel,

“ Nor which to sigh for, in their trance of heart,

“ The heav’n thou preachest or the heav’n thou art !

“ What should I be without thee ? without thee

“ How dull were power, how joyless victory !

“ Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine

“ Bless’d not my banner, ’twere but half divine.

“ But — why so mournful, child ? those eyes, that  
shone

“ All life last night — what ! — is their glory gone ?

“ Come, come — this morn’s fatigue hath made them  
pale,

“ They want rekindling — suns themselves would fail

“ Did not their comets bring, as I to thee,

“ From light’s own fount supplies of brilliancy.

“ Thou seest this cup — no juice of earth is here,

“ But the pure waters of that upper sphere,



“ Whose rills o’er ruby beds and topaz flow,  
“ Catching the gem’s bright colour, as they go.  
“ Nightly my Genii come and fill these urns —  
“ Nay, drink — in every drop life’s essence burns ;  
“ ’Twill make that soul all fire, those eyes all light —  
“ Come, come, I want thy loveliest smiles to-night :  
“ There is a youth—why start ? — thou saw’st him  
    then ;  
“ Look’d he not nobly ? such the godlike men  
“ Thou’lt have to woo thee in the bowers above ;—  
“ Though *he*, I fear, hath thoughts too stern for love,  
“ Too rul’d by that cold enemy of bliss  
“ The world calls virtue — we must conquer this ;  
“ Nay, shrink not, pretty sage ! ’tis not for thee  
“ To scan the mazes of Heav’n’s mystery :  
“ The steel must pass through fire, ere it can yield  
“ Fit instruments for mighty hands to wield.  
“ This very night I mean to try the art  
“ Of powerful beauty on that warrior’s heart.  
“ All that my Haram boasts of bloom and wit,  
“ Of skill and charms, most rare and exquisite,  
“ Shall tempt the boy ;— young MIRZALA’S blue  
    eyes,  
“ Whose sleepy lid like snow on violets lies ;

- “ AROUYA’s cheeks, warm as a spring-day sun,  
“ And lips that, like the seal of SOLOMON,  
“ Have magic in their pressure ; ZEBa’s lute,  
“ And LILLA’s dancing feet, that gleam and  
shoot  
“ Rapid and white as sea-birds o’er the deep —  
“ All shall combine their witching powers to steep  
“ My convert’s spirit in that softening trance,  
“ From which to heav’n is but the next advance ; —  
“ That glowing, yielding fusion of the breast,  
“ On which Religion stamps her image best.  
“ But hear me, Priestess ! — though each nymph of  
these  
“ Hath some peculiar, practis’d power to please,  
“ Some glance or step which, at the mirror tried,  
“ First charms herself, then all the world beside ;  
“ There still wants *one*, to make the victory sure,  
“ One who in every look joins every lure ;  
“ Through whom all beauty’s beams concenter’d  
pass,  
“ Dazzling and warm, as through love’s burning  
glass ;  
“ Whose gentle lips persuade without a word,  
“ Whose words, ev’n when unmeaning, are ador’d,

“ Like inarticulate breathings from a shrine,  
“ Which our faith takes for granted are divine !  
“ Such is the nymph we want, all warmth and light,  
“ To crown the rich temptations of to-night ;  
“ Such the refin’d enchantress that must be  
“ This hero’s vanquisher, — and thou art she ! ”

With her hands clasp’d, her lips apart and pale,  
The maid had stood, gazing upon the Veil  
From which these words, like south winds through  
a fence

Of Kerzrah flow’rs, came fill’d with pestilence \* ;  
So boldly utter’d too ! as if all dread  
Of frowns from her, of virtuous frowns, were fled,  
And the wretch felt assur’d that, once plung’d in,  
Her woman’s soul would know no pause in sin !

At first, tho’ mute she listen’d, like a dream  
Seem’d all he said : nor could her mind, whose  
beam

As yet was weak, penetrate half his scheme.

\* “ It is commonly said in Persia, that if a man breathe in the hot south wind, which in June or July passes over that flower (the Kerzereh), it will kill him.” — *Thevenot*.

But when, at length, he utter'd, "Thou art she!"  
All flash'd at once, and shrieking piteously,  
"Oh not for worlds!" she cried — "Great God! to  
whom

"I once knelt innocent, is this my doom?  
"Are all my dreams, my hopes of heavenly bliss,  
"My purity, my pride, then come to this, —  
"To live, the wanton of a fiend! to be  
"The pander of his guilt — oh infamy!  
"And sunk, myself, as low as hell can steep  
"In its hot flood, drag others down as deep!  
"Others — ha! yes — that youth who came to-day —  
"Not him I lov'd — not him — oh! do but say,  
"But swear to me this moment 'tis not he,  
"And I will serve, dark fiend, will worship even  
thee!"

"Beware, young raving thing! — in time beware,  
"Nor utter what I cannot, must not bear,  
"Ev'n from *thy* lips. Go — try thy lute, thy voice,  
"The boy must feel their magic; — I rejoice  
"To see those fires, no matter whence they rise,  
"Once more illuming my fair Priestess' eyes;

“ And should the youth, whom soon those eyes shall  
warm,

“ *Indeed* resemble thy dead lover’s form,

“ So much the happier wilt thou find thy doom,

“ As one warm lover, full of life and bloom,

“ Excels ten thousand cold ones in the tomb.

“ Nay, nay, no frowning, sweet! — those eyes were  
made

“ For love, not anger — I must be obey’d.”

“ Obey’d! — ’tis well — yes, I deserve it all —

“ On me, on me Heaven’s vengeance cannot fall

“ Too heavily — but AZIM, brave and true

“ And beautiful — must *he* be ruin’d too?

“ Must *he* too, glorious as he is, be driven

“ A renegade like me from Love and Heaven?

“ Likeme?—weak wretch, I wrong him—not likeme;

“ No — he’s all truth and strength and purity!

“ Fill up your madd’ning hell-cup to the brim,

“ Its witchery, fiends, will have no charm for him.

“ Let loose your glowing wantons from their bowers,

“ He loves, he loves, and can defy their powers!

“ Wretch as I am, in *his* heart still I reign

“ Pure as when first we met, without a stain!

- “ Though ruin’d — lost — my memory, like a charm  
“ Left by the dead, still keeps his soul from harm.  
“ Oh ! never let him know how deep the brow  
“ He kiss’d at parting is dishonour’d now ; —  
“ Ne’er tell him how debas’d, how sunk is she,  
“ Whom once he lov’d — once ! — *still* loves dotingly.  
“ Thou laugh’st, tormentor, — what ! — thou’lt brand  
    my name ?  
“ Do, do — in vain — he’ll not believe my shame —  
“ He thinks me true, that nought beneath God’s sky  
“ Could tempt or changeme, and — so once thought I.  
“ But this is past — though worse than death my lot,  
“ Than hell — ’tis nothing while *he* knows it not.  
“ Far off to some benighted land I’ll fly,  
“ Where sunbeam ne’er shall enter till I die ;  
“ Where none will ask the lost one whence she came,  
“ But I may fade and fall without a name.  
“ And thou — curst man or fiend, whate’er thou art,  
“ Who found’st this burning plague-spot in my  
    heart,  
“ And spread’st it — oh, so quick ! — thro’ soul and  
    frame,  
“ With more than demon’s art, till I became  
“ A loathsome thing, all pestilence, all flame ! —

“ If, when I’m gone —— ”

“ Hold, fearless maniac, hold,

“ Nor tempt my rage — by Heaven, not half so bold

“ The puny bird, that dares with teasing hum

“ Within the crocodile’s stretch’d jaws to come ! \*

“ And so thou’lt fly, forsooth ? — what ! — give up  
all

“ Thy chaste dominion in the Haram Hall,

“ Where now to Love and now to ALLA given,

“ Half mistress and half saint, thou hang’st as even

“ As doth MEDINA’S tomb, ’twixt hell and heaven !

“ Thou’lt fly ? — as easily may reptiles run,

“ The gaunt snake once hath fix’d his eyes upon ;

“ As easily, when caught, the prey may be

“ Pluck’d from his loving folds, as thou from me.

“ No, no, ’tis fix’d — let good or ill betide,

“ Thou’rt mine till death, till death MOKANNA’S  
bride !

\* The humming bird is said to run this risk for the purpose of picking the crocodile’s teeth. The same circumstance is related of the lapwing, as a fact to which he was witness, by *Paul Lucas*, Voyage fait en 1714.

The ancient story concerning the Trochilus, or humming-bird, entering with impunity into the mouth of the crocodile, is firmly believed at Java. — *Barrow’s Cochín-China*.

“Hast thou forgot thy oath?” —

At this dread word,  
The Maid, whose spirit his rude taunts had stirr'd  
Through all its depths, and rous'd an anger there,  
That burst and lighten'd even through her despair —  
Shrunk back, as if a blight were in the breath  
That spoke that word, and stagger'd pale as death.

“Yes, my sworn bride, let others seek in bowers  
Their bridal place — the charnel vault was ours !

“Instead of scents and balms, for thee and me

“Rose the rich steams of sweet mortality ;

“Gay, flickering death-lights shone while we were  
wed,

“And, for our guests, a row of goodly Dead,

“ (Immortal spirits in their time, no doubt,)

“From reeking shrouds upon the rite look'd out !

“That oath thou heard'st more lips than thine  
repeat —

“That cup — thou shudderest, Lady, — was it sweet?

“That cup we pledg'd, the charnel's choicest wine,

“Hath bound thee — aye — body and soul all mine ;

“Bound thee by chains that, whether blest or curst

“No matter now, not hell itself shall burst !



“Hence, woman, to the Haram, and look gay,  
“Look wild, look — any thing but sad; yet  
    stay —  
“One moment more — from what this night hath  
    pass’d,  
“I see thou know’st me, know’st me *well* at last.  
“Ha! ha! and so, fond thing, thou thought’st all  
    true,  
“And that I love mankind? — I do, I do —  
“As victims, love them; as the sea-dog doats  
“Upon the small, sweet fry that round him floats;  
“Or, as the Nile-bird loves the slime that gives  
“That rank and venomous food on which she  
    lives? \* —

“And, now thou seest my *soul*’s angelic hue,  
“’Tis time these *features* were uncurtain’d too; —  
“This brow, whose light — oh rare celestial light!  
“Hath been reserv’d to bless thy favour’d sight;  
“These dazzling eyes, before whose shrouded  
    might

\* Circum easdem ripas (Nili, viz.) ales est Ibis. Ea serpentium populatur ova, gratissimamque ex his escam nidis suis refert. — *Solinus*.

“Thou’st seen immortal Man kneel down and  
quake —

“Would that they *were* heaven’s lightnings for his  
sake !

“But turn and look — then wonder, if thou wilt,  
“That I should hate, should take revenge, by guilt,  
“Upon the hand, whose mischief or whose mirth  
“Sent me thus maim’d and monstrous upon earth ;  
“And on that race who, though more vile they be  
“Than mowing apes, are demi-gods to me !  
“Here — judge if hell, with all its power to damn,  
“Can add one curse to the foul thing I am !” —

He raised his veil — the Maid turn’d slowly round,  
Look’d at him — shriek’d — and sunk upon the  
ground !

ON their arrival, next night, at the place of encampment, they were surprised and delighted to find the groves all around illuminated; some artists of Yamtcheou\* having been sent on previously for the purpose. On each side of the green alley, which led to the Royal Pavilion, artificial sceneries of bamboo-work† were erected, representing arches, minarets, and towers, from which hung thousands of silken

\* "The feast of Lanterns is celebrated at Yamtcheou with more magnificence than any where else: and the report goes, that the illuminations there are so splendid, that an Emperor once, not daring openly to leave his Court to go thither, committed himself with the Queen and several Princesses of his family into the hands of a magician, who promised to transport them thither in a trice. He made them in the night to ascend magnificent thrones that were borne up by swans, which in a moment arrived at Yamtcheou. The Emperor saw at his leisure all the solemnity, being carried upon a cloud that hovered over the city and descended by degrees; and came back again with the same speed and equipage, nobody at court perceiving his absence." — *The present State of China*, p. 156.

† See a description of the nuptials of Vizier Alee in the *Asiatic Annual Register* of 1804.

lanterns, painted by the most delicate pencils of Canton. — Nothing could be more beautiful than the leaves of the mango-trees and acacias, shining in the light of the bamboo-scenery, which shed a lustre round as soft as that of the nights of Peristan.

LALLA ROOKH, however, who was too much occupied by the sad story of ZELICA and her lover, to give a thought to any thing else, except, perhaps, him who related it, hurried on through this scene of splendour to her pavilion, — greatly to the mortification of the poor artists of Yamtcheou, — and was followed with equal rapidity by the Great Chamberlain, cursing, as he went, that ancient Mandarin, whose parental anxiety in lighting up the shores of the lake, where his beloved daughter had wandered and been lost, was the origin of these fantastic Chinese illuminations.\*

\* “ The vulgar ascribe it to an accident that happened in the family of a famous mandarin, whose daughter walking one

Without a moment's delay, young FERAMORZ was introduced, and FADLADEEN, who could never make up his mind as to the merits of a poet, till he knew the religious sect to which he belonged, was about to ask him whether he was a Shia or a Sooni, when LALLA ROOKH impatiently clapped her hands for silence, and the youth, being seated upon the musnud near her, proceeded:—

evening upon the shore of a lake, fell in and was drowned; this afflicted father, with his family, ran thither, and, the better to find her, he caused a great company of lanterns to be lighted. All the inhabitants of the place thronged after him with torches. The year ensuing they made fires upon the shores the same day; they continued the ceremony every year, every one lighted his lantern, and by degrees it commenced into a custom." — *Present State of China*.

PREPARE thy soul, young AZIM !—thou hast braved  
The bands of GREECE, still mighty though enslaved ;  
Hast faced her phalanx, arm'd with all its fame,  
Her Macedonian pikes and globes of flame ;  
All this hast fronted, with firm heart and brow,  
But a more perilous trial waits thee now, —  
Woman's bright eyes, a dazzling host of eyes  
From every land where woman smiles or sighs ;  
Of every hue, as Love may chance to raise  
His black or azure banner in their blaze ;  
And each sweet mode of warfare, from the flash  
That lightens boldly through the shadowy lash,  
To the sly, stealing splendours, almost hid,  
Like swords half-sheath'd, beneath the downcast  
lid ; —

Such, AZIM, is the lovely, luminous host  
Now led against thee ; and, let conquerors boast  
Their fields of fame, he who in virtue arms  
A young, warm spirit against beauty's charms,  
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,  
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights  
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites ; —  
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,  
Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,  
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,  
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,  
Who, if between the folds but *one* eye shone,  
Like SEBA's Queen could vanquish with that one\* : —  
While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue  
The fingers' ends with a bright roseate hue†,  
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem  
Like tips of coral branches in the stream :  
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,  
To give that long, dark languish to the eye‡,

\* "Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes."  
— *Sol. Song*.

† "They tinged the ends of her fingers scarlet with Henna,  
so that they resembled branches of coral." — *Story of Prince  
Futtun in Bahardanush*.

‡ "The women blacken the inside of their eyelids with a  
powder named the black Kohol." — *Russel*.

"None of these ladies," says *Shaw*, "take themselves to  
be completely dressed, till they have tinged the hair and edges  
of their eyelids with the powder of lead ore. Now, as this  
operation is performed by dipping first into the powder a small  
wooden bodkin of the thickness of a quill, and then drawing  
it afterwards through the eyelids over the ball of the eye, we

Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to  
cull

From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful.

All is in motion ; rings and plumes and pearls

Are shining every where : — some younger girls

Are gone by moonlight to the garden-beds,

To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads ;—

Gay creatures ! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see

How each prefers a garland from that tree

Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,

And the dear fields and friendships far away.

The maid of INDIA, blest again to hold

In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold \*,

Thinks of the time when, by the GANGES' flood,

Her little play-mates scatter'd many a bud

shall have a lively image of what the Prophet (Jer. iv. 30.) may be supposed to mean by *rending the eyes with painting*. This practice is no doubt of great antiquity ; for besides the instance already taken notice of, we find that where Jezebel is said (2 Kings, ix. 30.) to *have painted her face*, the original words are, *she adjusted her eyes with the powder of lead-ore.*" — *Shaw's Travels.*

\* " The appearance of the blossoms of the gold-coloured Champac on the black hair of the Indian women has supplied the Sanscrit Poets with many elegant allusions." — See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iv.



Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam  
Just dripping from the consecrated stream ;  
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell  
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell, —  
The sweet Elcaya\*, and that courteous tree  
Which bows to all who seek its canopy †,  
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,  
The well, the camels, and her father's tents ;  
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,  
And wishes ev'n its sorrows back again !

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,  
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls  
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound  
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,  
Young AZIM roams bewilder'd, — nor can guess  
What means this maze of light and loneliness.  
Here, the way leads, o'er tessellated floors  
Or mats of CAIRO, through long corridors,

\* A tree famous for its perfume, and common on the hills of Yemen. — *Niebuhr*.

† Of the genus *mimosa*, " which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who retire under its shade." — *Niebuhr*.

Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,  
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns ;  
And spicy rods, such as illume at night  
The bowers of TIBET\*, send forth odorous light,  
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road  
For some pure Spirit to its blest abode : —  
And here, at once, the glittering saloon  
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon ;  
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays  
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays  
High as the' enamell'd cupola, which towers  
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers :  
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through  
The sprinkling of that fountain's silv'ry dew,  
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,  
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here too he traces the kind visitings  
Of woman's love in those fair, living things  
Of land and wave, whose fate — in bondage thrown  
For their weak loveliness — is like her own !

\* “ Cloves are a principal ingredient in the composition of the perfumed rods, which men of rank keep constantly burning in their presence.” — *Turner's Tibet*.

On one side gleaming with a sudden grace  
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase  
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,  
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine ; —  
While, on the other, latticed lightly in  
With odoriferous woods of COMORIN\*,  
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen ; —  
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between  
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree†  
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea :  
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon‡, and the thrush  
Of Hindostan§, whose holy warblings gush,  
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top ; —  
Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop

\* " C'est d'où vient le bois d'aloès, que les Arabes appellent Oud Comari, et celui du sandal, qui s'y trouve en grande quantité." — *D'Herbelot*.

† " Thousands of variegated loories visit the coral-trees." — *Barrow*.

‡ " In Mecca there are quantities of blue pigeons, which none will affright or abuse, much less kill." — *Pitt's Account of the Mahometans*.

§ " The Pagoda Thrush is esteemed among the first cho-risters of India. It sits perched on the sacred pagodas, and from thence delivers its melodious song." — *Pennant's Hindostan*.

About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food\*  
 Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood† ;  
 And those that under Araby's soft sun  
 Build their high nests of budding cinnamon‡ ;  
 In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly  
 Through the pure element, here calmly lie  
 Sleeping in light, like the green birds§ that dwell  
 In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel !

So on, through scenes past all imagining,  
 More like the luxuries of that impious King||,  
 Whom Death's dark Angel, with his lightning torch,  
 Struck down and blasted even in Pleasure's porch,

\* *Tavernier* adds, that while the Birds of Paradise lie in this intoxicated state, the emmets come and eat off their legs ; and that hence it is they are said to have no feet.

† Birds of Paradise, which, at the nutmeg season, come in flights from the southern isles to India ; and "the strength of the nutmeg," says *Tavernier*, "so intoxicates them that they fall dead drunk to the earth."

‡ "That bird which liveth in Arabia, and buildeth its nest with cinnamon." — *Brown's Vulgar Errors*.

§ "The spirits of the martyrs will be lodged in the crops of green birds." — *Gibbon*, vol. ix. p. 421.

|| Shedad, who made the delicious gardens of Irim, in imitation of Paradise, and was destroyed by lightning the first time he attempted to enter them.

Than the pure dwelling of a Prophet sent,  
Arm'd with Heav'n's sword, for man's enfranchise-  
ment —

Young AZIM wander'd, looking sternly round,  
His simple garb and war-boots' clanking sound  
But ill according with the pomp and grace  
And silent lull of that voluptuous place.

“Is this, then,” thought the youth, “is this the way  
“To free man's spirit from the deadening sway  
“Of worldly sloth, — to teach him while he lives,  
“To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,  
“And when he dies, to leave his lofty name  
“A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame?  
“It was not so, Land of the generous thought  
“And daring deed, thy god-like sages taught;  
“It was not thus, in bowers of wanton ease,  
“Thy Freedom nurs'd her sacred energies;  
“Oh! not beneath the' enfeebling, withering glow  
“Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow,  
“With which she wreath'd her sword, when she  
would dare  
“Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air  
“Of toil, — of temperance, — of that high, rare,

“Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe  
“Life, health, and lustre into Freedom’s wreath.  
“Who, that surveys this span of earth we press, —  
“This speck of life in time’s great wilderness,  
“This narrow isthmus ’twixt two boundless seas,  
“The past, the future, two eternities! —  
“Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,  
“When he might build him a proud temple there,  
“A name, that long shall hallow all its space,  
“And be each purer soul’s high resting-place.  
“But no — it cannot be, that one, whom God  
“Has sent to break the wizard Falsehood’s rod, —  
“A Prophet of the Truth, whose mission draws  
“Its rights from Heaven, should thus profane its  
    cause  
“With the world’s vulgar pomps; — no, no, — I  
    see —  
“He thinks me weak — this glare of luxury  
“Is but to tempt, to try the eaglet gaze  
“Of my young soul — shine on, ’twill stand the  
    blaze!”

So thought the youth; — but, ev’n while he defied  
This witching scene, he felt its witchery glide

Through ev'ry sense. The perfume breathing round,  
Like a pervading spirit ; — the still sound  
Of falling waters, lulling as the song  
Of Indian bees at sunset, when they throng  
Around the fragrant NILICA, and deep  
In its blue blossoms hum themselves to sleep\* ;  
And music, too — dear music ! that can touch  
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much —  
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem  
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream ;  
All was too much for him, too full of bliss,  
The heart could nothing feel, that felt not this ;  
Soften'd he sunk upon a couch, and gave  
His soul up to sweet thoughts, like wave on wave  
Succeeding in smooth seas, when storms are laid ;  
He thought of ZELICA, his own dear maid,  
And of the time when, full of blissful sighs,  
They sat and look'd into each other's eyes,  
Silent and happy — as if God had given  
Nought else worth looking at on this side heaven.

\* “ My Pandits assure me that the plant before us (the Nilica) is their Sephalica, thus named because the bees are supposed to sleep on its blossoms.” — *Sir W. Jones.*

“ Oh, my lov'd mistress, thou, whose spirit still  
“ Is with me, round me, wander where I will —  
“ It is for thee, for thee alone I seek  
“ The paths of glory ; to light up thy cheek  
“ With warm approval — in that gentle look,  
“ To read my praise, as in an angel's book,  
“ And think all toils rewarded, when from thee  
“ I gain a smile worth immortality !  
“ How shall I bear the moment, when restor'd  
“ To that young heart where I alone am Lord,  
“ Though of such bliss unworthy, — since the best  
“ Alone deserve to be the happiest : —  
“ When from those lips, unbreathed upon for years,  
“ I shall again kiss off the soul-felt tears,  
“ And find those tears warm as when last they  
    started,  
“ Those sacred kisses pure as when we parted.  
“ O my own life ! — why should a single day,  
“ A moment keep me from those arms away ? ”

While thus he thinks, still nearer on the breeze  
Come those delicious, dream-like harmonies,  
Each note of which but adds new, downy links  
To the soft chain in which his spirit sinks.



He turns him tow'rd the sound, and far away  
Through a long vista, sparkling with the play  
Of countless lamps,—like the rich track which Day  
Leaves on the waters, when he sinks from us,  
So long the path, its light so tremulous;—  
He sees a group of female forms advance,  
Some chain'd together in the mazy dance  
By fetters, forg'd in the green sunny bowers,  
As they were captives to the King of Flowers\*;  
And some disporting round, unlink'd and free,  
Who seem'd to mock their sisters' slavery;  
And round and round them still, in wheeling flight  
Went, like gay moths about a lamp at night;  
While others wak'd, as gracefully along  
Their feet kept time, the very soul of song  
From psaltery, pipe, and lutes of heavenly thrill,  
Or their own youthful voices, heavenlier still.  
And now they come, now pass before his eye,  
Forms such as Nature moulds, when she would vie  
With Fancy's pencil, and give birth to things  
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.

\* “ They deferred it till the King of Flowers should ascend his throne of enamelled foliage.” — *The Bahardanush*.

Awhile they dance before him, then divide,  
Breaking, like rosy clouds at even-tide  
Around the rich pavilion of the sun, —  
Till silently dispersing, one by one,  
Through many a path, that from the chamber leads  
To gardens, terraces, and moonlight meads,  
Their distant laughter comes upon the wind,  
And but one trembling nymph remains behind, —  
Beck'ning them back in vain, for they are gone,  
And she is left in all that light alone ;  
No veil to curtain o'er her beauteous brow,  
In its young bashfulness more beauteous now ;  
But a light golden chain-work round her hair \*,  
Such as the maids of YEZD† and SHIRAS wear,  
From which, on either side, gracefully hung  
A golden amulet, in the' Arab tongue,

\* “ One of the head-dresses of the Persian women is composed of a light golden chain-work, set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate pendant, about the bigness of a crown-piece, on which is impressed an Arabian prayer, and which hangs upon the cheek below the ear.” — *Hanway's Travels*.

† “ Certainly the women of Yezd are the handsomest women in Persia. The proverb is, that to live happy a man must have a wife of Yezd, eat the bread of Yezdecas, and drink the wine of Shiraz.” — *Tavernier*.

Engraven o'er with some immortal line  
From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine ;  
While her left hand, as shrinkingly she stood,  
Held a small lute of gold and sandal-wood,  
Which, once or twice, she touch'd with hurried strain,  
Then took her trembling fingers off again.  
But when at length a timid glance she stole  
At AZIM, the sweet gravity of soul  
She saw through all his features calm'd her fear,  
And, like a half-tam'd antelope, more near,  
Though shrinking still, she came ;—then sat her  
down  
Upon a musnud's\* edge, and, bolder grown,  
In the pathetic mode of ISFAHAN†  
Touch'd a preluding strain, and thus began : —

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER's‡ stream,  
And the nightingale sings round it all the day  
long ;

\* Musnuds are cushioned seats, usually reserved for persons of distinction.

† The Persians, like the ancient Greeks, call their musical modes or *Perdas* by the names of different countries or cities, as the mode of Isfahan, the mode of Irak, &c.

‡ A river which flows near the ruins of Chilminar.

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In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,  
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,  
I think — is the nightingale singing there yet?  
Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER?

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,  
But some blossoms were gather'd, while freshly  
they shone,  
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was  
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,  
An essence that breathes of it many a year;  
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,  
Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDEMEER!

“Poor maiden!” thought the youth, “if thou  
wert sent,  
“With thy soft lute and beauty's blandishment,  
“To wake unholy wishes in this heart,  
“Or tempt its truth, thou little know'st the art.

“ For though thy lip should sweetly counsel wrong,  
“ Those vestal eyes would disavow its song.  
“ But thou hast breath’d such purity, thy lay  
“ Returns so fondly to youth’s virtuous day,  
“ And leads thy soul — if e’er it wander’d thence —  
“ So gently back to its first innocence,  
“ That I would sooner stop the unchained dove,  
“ When swift returning to its home of love,  
“ And round its snowy wing new fetters twine,  
“ Than turn from virtue one pure wish of thine !”

Scarce had this feeling pass’d, when, sparkling  
through

The gently open’d curtains of light blue  
That veil’d the breezy casement, countless eyes,  
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,  
Look’d laughing in, as if to mock the pair  
That sat so still and melancholy there : —  
And now the curtains fly apart, and in  
From the cool air, ’mid showers of jessamine  
Which those without fling after them in play,  
Two lightsome maidens spring, — lightsome as they  
Who live in the’ air on odours, — and around  
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,

Chase one another, in a varying dance  
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,  
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit : —  
While she, who sung so gently to the lute  
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,  
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray, —  
But takes with her from AZIM's heart that sigh  
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by  
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,  
Creatures of light we never see again !

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd  
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd  
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er  
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore\* ;  
While from their long, dark tresses, in a fall  
Of curls descending, bells as musical  
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees  
Of EDEN, shake in the eternal breeze†,

\* " To the north of us (on the coast of the Caspian, near Badku,) was a mountain, which sparkled like diamonds, arising from the sea-glass and crystals with which it abounds." — *Journey of the Russian Ambassador to Persia*, 1746.

† " To which will be added the sound of the bells, hanging on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind pro-

Rung round their steps, at every bound more sweet,  
As 'twere the' extatic language of their feet.  
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd  
Within each other's arms ; while soft there breath'd  
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs  
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise  
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose ;  
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,  
The ear could track through all that maze of chords  
And young sweet voices, these impassion'd words :—

A SPIRIT there is, whose fragrant sigh  
Is burning now through earth and air ;  
Where cheeks are blushing, the Spirit is nigh,  
Where lips are meeting, the Spirit is there !

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,  
And his floating eyes — oh ! *they* resemble\*  
Blue water-lilies†, when the breeze  
Is making the stream around them tremble.

ceeding from the throne of God, as often as the blessed wish  
for music." — *Salé*.

\* " Whose wanton eyes resemble blue water-lilies, agitated  
by the breeze." — *Jayadeva*.

† The blue lotos, which grows in Cashmere and in Persia.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling power !

Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss !

Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,

And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

By the fair and brave

Who blushing unite,

Like the sun and wave,

When they meet at night ;

By the tear that shows

When passion is nigh,

As the rain-drop flows

From the heat of the sky ;

By the first love-beat

Of the youthful heart,

By the bliss to meet,

And the pain to part ;

By all that thou hast

To mortals given,

Which — oh, could it last,

This earth were heaven !



We call thee hither, entrancing Power !  
Spirit of Love ! Spirit of Bliss !  
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour,  
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this.

---

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,  
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,\*  
And where, midst all that the young heart loves  
most,  
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,  
The youth had started up, and turn'd away  
From the light nymphs, and their luxurious lay,  
To muse upon the pictures that hung round\*, —  
Bright images, that spoke without a sound,  
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.  
But here again new spells came o'er his sense : —  
All that the pencil's mute omnipotence

\* It has been generally supposed that the Mahometans prohibit all pictures of animals; but *Toderini* shows that, though the practice is forbidden by the Koran, they are not more averse to painted figures and images than other people. From Mr. Murphy's work, too, we find that the Arabs of Spain had no objection to the introduction of figures into painting.

Could call up into life, of soft and fair,  
Of fond and passionate, was glowing there ;  
Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art  
Which paints of pleasure but the purer part ;  
Which knows ev'n Beauty when half-veil'd is best,—  
Like her own radiant planet of the west,  
Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest. \*  
*There* hung the history of the Genii-King,  
Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering  
With her from SABA's bowers, in whose bright eyes  
He read that to be blest is to be wise † ; —

\* This is not quite astronomically true. “ Dr. Hadley (says Keil) has shown that Venus is brightest when she is about forty degrees removed from the sun ; and that then but *only a fourth part* of her lucid disk is to be seen from the earth.”

† For the loves of King Solomon (who was supposed to preside over the whole race of Genii) with Balkis, the Queen of Sheba or Saba, see *D'Herbelot*, and the *Notes on the Koran*, chap. 2.

“ In the palace which Solomon ordered to be built against the arrival of the Queen of Saba, the floor or pavement was of transparent glass, laid over running water, in which fish were swimming.” This led the Queen into a very natural mistake, which the Koran has not thought beneath its dignity to commemorate. “ It was said unto her, ‘ Enter the palace.’ And when she saw it she imagined it to be a great water ; and she discovered her legs, by lifting up her robe to pass through it.

Here fond ZULEIKA\* woos with open arms  
The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms,  
Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,  
Wishes that Heav'n and she could *both* be won ;  
And here MOHAMMED, born for love and guile,  
Forgets the Koran in his MARY's smile ; —  
Then beckons some kind angel from above  
With a new text to consecrate their love.†

With rapid step, yet pleas'd and lingering eye,  
Did the youth pass these pictur'd stories by,  
And hasten'd to a casement, where the light  
Of the calm moon came in, and freshly bright

Whereupon Solomon said to her, ' Verily, this is the place evenly floored with glass.' — Chap. 27.

\* The wife of Potiphar, thus named by the Orientals.

The passion which this frail beauty of antiquity conceived for her young Hebrew slave has given rise to a much esteemed poem in the Persian language, entitled *Yusef vau Zelikha*, by *Noureddin Jami* ; the manuscript copy of which, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is supposed to be the finest in the whole world." — *Note upon Nott's Translation of Hafez*.

† The particulars of Mahomet's amour with Mary, the Coptic girl, in justification of which he added a new chapter to the Koran, may be found in *Gagnier's Notes upon Abulfeda*, p. 151.

The fields without were seen, sleeping as still  
As if no life remain'd in breeze or rill.  
Here paus'd he, while the music, now less near,  
Breath'd with a holier language on his ear,  
As though the distance, and that heavenly ray  
Through which the sounds came floating, took  
away  
All that had been too earthly in the lay.

Oh ! could he listen to such sounds unmov'd,  
And by that light — nor dream of her he lov'd ?  
Dream on, unconscious boy ! while yet thou may'st ;  
'Tis the last bliss thy soul shall ever taste.  
Clasp yet awhile her image to thy heart,  
Ere all the light, that made it dear, depart.  
Think of her smiles as when thou saw'st them  
last,  
Clear, beautiful, by nought of earth o'ercast ;  
Recall her tears, to thee at parting given,  
Pure as they weep, *if* angels weep, in Heaven.  
Think, in her own still bower she waits thee now,  
With the same glow of heart and bloom of brow,  
Yet shrin'd in solitude — thine all, thine only,  
Like the one star above thee, bright and lonely.

Oh ! that a dream so sweet, so long enjoy'd,  
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroy'd !

The song is hush'd, the laughing nymphs are flown,  
And he is left, musing of bliss, alone ; —  
Alone ? — no, not alone — that heavy sigh,  
That sob of grief, which broke from some one nigh —  
Whose could it be ? — alas ! is misery found  
Here, even here, on this enchanted ground ?  
He turns, and sees a female form, close veil'd,  
Leaning, as if both heart and strength had fail'd,  
Against a pillar near ; — not glittering o'er  
With gems and wreaths, such as the others wore,  
But in that deep-blue, melancholy dress\*,  
BOKHARA's maidens wear in mindfulness  
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away ; —  
And such as ZELICA had on that day  
He left her — when, with heart too full to speak,  
He took away her last warm tears upon his cheek.

A strange emotion stirs within him, — more  
Than mere compassion ever wak'd before ;

\* “ Deep blue is their mourning colour.” — *Hanway*.

Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she  
Springs forward, as with life's last energy,  
But, swooning in that one convulsive bound,  
Sinks, ere she reach his arms, upon the ground ; —  
Her veil falls off — her faint hands clasp his  
knees —

'Tis she herself ! — 'tis ZELICA he sees !  
But, ah, so pale, so chang'd — none but a lover  
Could in that wreck of beauty's shrine discover  
The once ador'd divinity — ev'n he  
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly  
Put back the ringlets from her brow, and gaz'd  
Upon those lids, where once such lustre blaz'd,  
Ere he could think she was *indeed* his own,  
Own darling maid, whom he so long had known  
In joy and sorrow, beautiful in both ;  
Who, ev'n when grief was heaviest — when loth  
He left her for the wars — in that worst hour  
Sat in her sorrow like the sweet night-flower\*,  
When darkness brings its weeping glories out,  
And spreads its sighs like frankincense about.

\* The sorrowful nyctanthus, which begins to spread its rich odour after sunset.

“ Look up, my ZELICA — one moment show  
“ Those gentle eyes to me, that I may know  
“ Thy life, thy loveliness is not all gone,  
“ But *there*, at least, shines as it ever shone.  
“ Come, look upon thy AZIM — one dear glance,  
“ Like those of old, were heav’n ! whatever chance  
“ Hath brought thee here, oh, ’twas a blessed one !  
“ There — my lov’d lips — they move — that kiss  
    hath run  
“ Like the first shoot of life through every vein,  
“ And now I clasp her, mine, all mine again.  
“ Oh the delight — now, in this very hour,  
“ When had the whole rich world been in my power,  
“ I should have singled out thee, only thee,  
“ From the whole world’s collected treasury —  
“ To have thee here — to hang thus fondly o’er  
“ My own, best, purest ZELICA once more !”

It was indeed the touch of those fond lips  
Upon her eyes that chas’d their short eclipse,  
And, gradual as the snow, at Heaven’s breath,  
Melts off and shows the azure flowers beneath,  
Her lids unclos’d, and the bright eyes were seen  
Gazing on his — not, as they late had been,  
Quick, restless, wild, but mournfully serene ;

As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,  
So near his heart, had consolation in it ;  
And thus to wake in his belov'd caress  
Took from her soul one half its wretchedness.  
But, when she heard him call her good and pure,  
Oh, 'twas too much — too dreadful to endure !  
Shuddering she broke away from his embrace,  
And, hiding with both hands her guilty face,  
Said, in a tone whose anguish would have riven  
A heart of very marble, "Pure!—oh Heaven!"——

That tone — those looks so chang'd — the withering blight,  
That sin and sorrow leave where'er they light ;  
The dead despondency of those sunk eyes,  
Where once, had he thus met her by surprise,  
He would have seen himself, too happy boy,  
Reflected in a thousand lights of joy ;  
And then the place, — that bright, unholy place,  
Where vice lay hid beneath each winning grace  
And charm of luxury, as the viper weaves  
Its wily covering of sweet balsam leaves\*, —

\* " Concerning the vipers, which Pliny says were frequent among the balsam-trees, I made very particular inquiry ;



All struck upon his heart, sudden and cold  
As death itself; — it needs not to be told —  
No, no — he sees it all, plain as the brand  
Of burning shame can mark — whate'er the hand,  
That could from Heav'n and him such brightness  
sever,

'Tis done — to Heav'n and him she's lost for ever !  
It was a dreadful moment ; not the tears,  
The lingering, lasting misery of years  
Could match that minute's anguish — all the worst  
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst  
Broke o'er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,  
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate.

“ Oh ! curse me not,” she cried, as wild he toss'd  
His desperate hand tow'rds Heav'n — “ though I  
am lost,

“ Think not that guilt, that falsehood made me fall,  
“ No, no — 'twas grief, 'twas madness did it all !  
“ Nay, doubt me not — though all thy love hath  
ceas'd —

“ I know it hath — yet, yet believe, at least,

several were brought me alive both to Yambo and Jidda.” —  
*Bruce.*

“ That every spark of reason’s light must be  
“ Quench’d in this brain, ere I could stray from thee.  
“ They told me thou wert dead — why, AZIM, why  
“ Did we not, both of us, that instant die  
“ When we were parted? oh! could’st thou but know  
“ With what a deep devotedness of woe  
“ I wept thy absence — o’er and o’er again  
“ Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,  
“ And memory, like a drop that, night and day,  
“ Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away.  
“ Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,  
“ My eyes still turn’d the way thou wert to come,  
“ And, all the long, long night of hope and fear,  
“ Thy voice and step still sounding in my ear —  
“ Oh God! thou would’st not wonder that, at last,  
“ When every hope was all at once o’ercast,  
“ When I heard frightful voices round me say  
“ *Azim is dead!* — this wretched brain gave way,  
“ And I became a wreck, at random driven,  
“ Without one glimpse of reason or of Heaven —  
“ All wild — and even this quenchless love within  
“ Turn’d to foul fires to light me into sin! —  
“ Thou pitiest me — I knew thou would’st — that sky  
“ Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I.

“ The fiend, who lur’d me hither — hist ! come near,  
“ Or thou too, *thou* art lost, if he should hear —  
“ Told me such things — oh ! with such devilish art,  
“ As would have ruin’d ev’n a holier heart —  
“ Of thee, and of that ever-radiant sphere,  
“ Where bless’d at length, if I but serv’d *him* here,  
“ I should for ever live in thy dear sight,  
“ And drink from those pure eyes eternal light.  
“ Think, think how lost, how madden’d I must be,  
“ To hope that guilt could lead to God or thee !  
“ Thou weep’st for me — do weep — oh, that I durst  
“ Kiss off that tear ! but, no — these lips are curst,  
“ They must not touch thee ; — one divine caress,  
“ One blessed moment of forgetfulness  
“ I’ve had within those arms, and *that* shall lie,  
“ Shrin’d in my soul’s deep memory till I die ;  
“ The last of joy’s last relics here below,  
“ The one sweet drop, in all this waste of woe,  
“ My heart has treasur’d from affection’s spring,  
“ To soothe and cool its deadly withering !  
“ But thou — yes, thou must go — for ever go ;  
“ This place is not for thee — for thee ! oh no,  
“ Did I but tell thee half, thy tortur’d brain  
“ Would burn like mine, and mine go wild again !

“ Enough, that Guilt reigns here — that hearts, once  
good,  
“ Now tainted, chill’d, and broken, are his food. —  
“ Enough, that we are parted — that there rolls  
“ A flood of headlong fate between our souls,  
“ Whose darkness severs me as wide from thee  
“ As hell from heav’n, to all eternity !”

“ ZELICA, ZELICA !” the youth exclaim’d,  
In all the tortures of a mind inflam’d  
Almost to madness — “ by that sacred Heav’n,  
“ Where yet, if pray’rs can move, thou’lt be for-  
given,  
“ As thou art here — here, in this writhing heart,  
“ All sinful, wild, and ruin’d as thou art !  
“ By the remembrance of our once pure love,  
“ Which, like a church-yard light, still burns above  
“ The grave of our lost souls — which guilt in thee  
“ Cannot extinguish, nor despair in me !  
“ I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence —  
“ If thou hast yet one spark of innocence,  
“ Fly with me from this place ——”

“ With thee ! oh bliss !

“ ’Tis worth whole years of torment to hear this.

“ What ! take the lost one with thee ? — let her rove  
“ By thy dear side, as in those days of love,  
“ When we were both so happy, both so pure —  
“ Too heavenly dream ! if there’s on earth a cure  
“ For the sunk heart, ’tis this — day after day  
“ To be the blest companion of thy way ;  
“ To hear thy angel eloquence — to see  
“ Those virtuous eyes for ever turn’d on me ;  
“ And, in their light re-chasten’d silently,  
“ Like the stain’d web that whitens in the sun,  
“ Grow pure by being purely shone upon !  
“ And thou wilt pray for me—I know thou wilt —  
“ At the dim vesper hour, when thoughts of guilt  
“ Come heaviest o’er the heart, thou’lt lift thine eyes,  
“ Full of sweet tears, unto the dark’ning skies,  
“ And plead for me with Heav’n, till I can dare  
“ To fix my own weak, sinful glances there ;  
“ Till the good angels, when they see me cling  
“ For ever near thee, pale and sorrowing,  
“ Shall for thy sake pronounce my soul forgiven,  
“ And bid thee take thy weeping slave to Heaven !  
“ Oh yes, I’ll fly with thee —— ”

Scarce had she said

These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread  
As that of MONKER, waking up the dead

From their first sleep — so startling 'twas to both —  
Rung through the casement near, “Thy oath ! thy  
oath !”

Oh Heav'n, the ghastliness of that Maid's look ! —  
“ 'Tis he,” faintly she cried, while terror shook  
Her inmost core, nor durst she lift her eyes,  
Though through the casement, now, nought but the  
skies

And moonlight fields were seen, calm as before —  
“ 'Tis he, and I am his — all, all is o'er —  
“ Go — fly this instant, or thou'rt ruin'd too —  
“ My oath, my oath, oh God ! 'tis all too true,  
“ True as the worm in this cold heart it is —  
“ I am MOKANNA's bride — his, AZIM, his —  
“ The Dead stood round us, while I spoke that  
vow,

“ Their blue lips echo'd it — I hear them now !  
“ Their eyes glar'd on me, while I pledg'd that bowl,  
“ 'Twas burning blood — I feel it in my soul !  
“ And the Veil'd Bridegroom — hist ! I've seen to-  
night

“ What angels know not of — so foul a sight,  
“ So horrible — oh ! never may'st thou see  
“ What *there* lies hid from all but hell and me !

“ But I must hence — off, off — I am not thine,  
“ Nor Heav’n’s, nor Love’s, nor aught that is divine —  
“ Hold me not — ha ! think’st thou the fiends that  
    sever  
“ Hearts, cannot sunder hands ? — thus, then — for  
    ever ! ”

With all that strength, which madness lends the  
    weak,  
She flung away his arm ; and, with a shriek,  
Whose sound, though he should linger out more years  
Than wretch e’er told, can never leave his ears —  
Flew up through that long avenue of light,  
Fleetly as some dark, ominous bird of night,  
Across the sun, and soon was out of sight !

LALLA ROOKH could think of nothing all day but the misery of these two young lovers. Her gaiety was gone, and she looked pensively even upon FADLADEEN. She felt, too, without knowing why, a sort of uneasy pleasure in imagining that AZIM must have been just such a youth as FERAMORZ; just as worthy to enjoy all the blessings, without any of the pangs, of that illusive passion, which too often, like the sunny apples of Istkahar\*, is all sweetness on one side, and all bitterness on the other.

As they passed along a sequestered river after sunset, they saw a young Hindoo girl upon the bank†, whose employment seemed to

\* "In the territory of Istkahar there is a kind of apple, half of which is sweet and half sour." — *Ebn Haukal*.

† For an account of this ceremony, see *Grandpré's Voyage* in the Indian Ocean.



them so strange, that they stopped their palankeens to observe her. She had lighted a small lamp, filled with oil of cocoa, and placing it in an earthen dish, adorned with a wreath of flowers, had committed it with a trembling hand to the stream; and was now anxiously watching its progress down the current, heedless of the gay cavalcade which had drawn up beside her. LALLA ROOKH was all curiosity;—when one of her attendants, who had lived upon the banks of the Ganges, (where this ceremony is so frequent, that often, in the dusk of the evening, the river is seen glittering all over with lights, like the Oton-tala or Sea of Stars\*,) informed the Princess that it was the usual way, in which the friends of those who had gone on dangerous voyages offered up vows for their safe return. If the lamp sunk immediately, the omen was disastrous; but if it went

\* “ The place where the Whangho, a river of Tibet, rises, and where there are more than a hundred springs, which sparkle like stars; whence it is called Hotun-nor, that is, the Sea of Stars.” — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

shining down the stream, and continued to burn till entirely out of sight, the return of the beloved object was considered as certain.

LALLA ROOKH, as they moved on, more than once looked back, to observe how the young Hindoo's lamp proceeded; and, while she saw with pleasure that it was still unextinguished, she could not help fearing that all the hopes of this life were no better than that feeble light upon the river. The remainder of the journey was passed in silence. She now, for the first time, felt that shade of melancholy, which comes over the youthful maiden's heart, as sweet and transient as her own breath upon a mirror; nor was it till she heard the lute of FERAMORZ, touched lightly at the door of her pavilion, that she waked from the reverie in which she had been wandering. Instantly her eyes were lighted up with pleasure; and, after a few unheard remarks from FADLADEEN upon the indecorum of a poet seating himself in

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presence of a Princess, every thing was arranged as on the preceding evening, and all listened with eagerness, while the story was thus continued:—

Whose are the gilded tents that crowd the way,  
Where all was waste and silent yesterday ?  
This City of War which, in a few short hours,  
Hath sprung up here\*, as if the magic powers

\* “ The Lescar or Imperial Camp is divided, like a regular town, into squares, alleys, and streets, and from a rising ground furnishes one of the most agreeable prospects in the world. Starting up in a few hours in an uninhabited plain, it raises the idea of a city built by enchantment. Even those who leave their houses in cities to follow the prince in his progress are frequently so charmed with the Lescar, when situated in a beautiful and convenient place, that they cannot prevail with themselves to remove. To prevent this inconvenience to the court, the Emperor, after sufficient time is allowed to the tradesmen to follow, orders them to be burnt out of their tents. — *Dow's Hindostan.*

Colonel Wilks gives a lively picture of an Eastern encampment : — “ His camp, like that of most Indian armies, exhibited a motley collection of covers from the scorching sun and dews of the night, variegated according to the taste or means of each individual, by extensive inclosures of coloured calico surrounding superb suites of tents ; by ragged cloths or blankets stretched over sticks or branches ; palm leaves hastily spread over similar supports ; handsome tents and splendid canopies ; horses, oxen, elephants, and camels ; all intermixed without any exterior mark of order or design, except the flags of the chiefs, which usually mark the centres of a congeries of these masses ; the only regular part of the encampment being the streets of shops, each of which is constructed nearly in the

Of Him who, in the twinkling of a star,  
Built the high pillar'd halls of CHILMINAR\*,  
Had conjur'd up, far as the eye can see,  
This world of tents, and domes, and sun-bright  
armory : —

Princely pavilions, screen'd by many a fold  
Of crimson cloth, and topp'd with balls of gold : —  
Steeds, with their housings of rich silver spun,  
Their chains and poitreles glittering in the sun ;  
And camels, tufted o'er with Yemen's shells†,  
Shaking in every breeze their light-ton'd bells !

But yester-eve, so motionless around,  
So mute was this wide plain, that not a sound  
But the far torrent, or the locust bird ‡  
Hunting among the thickets, could be heard ; —

manner of a booth at an English fair." — *Historical Sketches of the South of India.*

\* The edifices of Chilminar and Balbec are supposed to have been built by the Genii, acting under the orders of Jan ben Jan, who governed the world long before the time of Adam.

† " A superb camel, ornamented with strings and tufts of small shells." — *Ali Bey.*

‡ A native of Khorassan, and allured southward by means of the water of a fountain between Shiraz and Ispahan, called

Yet hark ! what discords now, of every kind,  
Shouts, laughs, and screams are revelling in the wind;  
The neigh of cavalry ; — the tinkling throngs  
Of laden camels and their drivers songs \* ; —  
Ring of arms, and flapping in the breez  
Of streamers from ten thousand canopies ; —  
War-music, bursting out from time to time,  
With gong and tymbalon's tremendous chime ; —  
Or, in the pause, when harsher sounds are mute,  
The mellow breathings of some horn or flute,  
That far off, broken by the eagle note  
Of the' Abyssinian trumpet †, swell and float.

the Fountain of Birds, of which it is so fond that it will follow wherever that water is carried.

\* " Some of the camels have bells about their necks, and some about their legs, like those which our carriers put about their fore-horses' necks, which together with the servants (who belong to the camels, and travel on foot,) singing all night, make a pleasant noise, and the journey passes away delightfully." — *Pitt's Account of the Mahometans.*

" The camel-driver follows the camels singing, and sometimes playing upon his pipe ; the louder he sings and pipes, the faster the camels go. Nay, they will stand still when he gives over his music." — *Tavernier.*

† " This trumpet is often called, in Abyssinia, *nesser cano*, which signifies the Note of the Eagle." — *Note of Bruce's Editor.*

Who leads this mighty army? — ask ye “who?”  
And mark ye not those banners of dark hue,  
The Night and Shadow\*, over yonder tent? —  
It is the CALIPH’s glorious armament.  
Rous’d in his Palace by the dread alarms,  
That hourly came, of the false Prophet’s arms,  
And of his host of infidels, who hurl’d  
Defiance fierce at Islam† and the world, —  
Though worn with Grecian warfare, and behind  
The veils of his bright Palace calm reclin’d,  
Yet brook’d he not such blasphemy should stain,  
Thus unreveng’d, the evening of his reign;  
But, having sworn upon the Holy Grave ‡  
To conquer or to perish, once more gave  
His shadowy banners proudly to the breeze,  
And with an army, nurs’d in victories,  
Here stands to crush the rebels that o’er-run  
His blest and beauteous Province of the Sun.

\* The two black standards borne before the Caliphs of the House of Abbas were called, allegorically, The Night and The Shadow. — See *Gibbon*.

† The Mahometan religion.

‡ “The Persians swear by the Tomb of Shah Besade, who is buried at Casbin; and when one desires another to asseverate a matter, he will ask him, if he dare swear by the Holy Grave.” — *Struy*.

Ne'er did the march of MAHADI display  
 Such pomp before ; — not ev'n when on his way  
 To MECCA'S Temple, when both land and sea  
 Were spoil'd to feed the Pilgrim's luxury\* ;  
 When round him, mid the burning sands, he saw  
 Fruits of the North in icy freshness thaw,  
 And cool'd his thirsty lip, beneath the glow  
 Of MECCA'S sun, with urns of Persian snow† : —  
 Nor e'er did armament more grand than that  
 Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat.  
 First, in the van, the People of the Rock‡,  
 On their light mountain steeds, of royal stock§ :  
 Then, chieftains of DAMASCUS, proud to see  
 The flashing of their swords' rich marquetry || ; —

\* Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold.

† Nivem Meccam apportavit, rem ibi aut nunquam aut raro visam. — *Abulfeda*.

‡ The inhabitants of Hejaz or Arabia Petræa, called by an Eastern writer "The People of the Rock." — *Ebn Haukal*.

§ "Those horses, called by the Arabians Kochlani, of whom a written genealogy has been kept for 2000 years. They are said to derive their origin from King Solomon's steeds." — *Niebuhr*.

|| "Many of the figures on the blades of their swords are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems." — *Asiat. Misc.* v. i.



Men, from the regions near the VOLGA's mouth,  
Mix'd with the rude, black archers of the South ;  
And Indian lancers, in white-turban'd ranks,  
From the far SINDE, or ATTOCK's sacred banks,  
With dusky legions from the Land of Myrrh \*,  
And many a mace-arm'd Moor and Mid-sea islander.

Nor less in number, though more new and rude  
In warfare's school, was the vast multitude  
That, fir'd by zeal, or by oppression wrong'd,  
Round the white standard of the' impostor throng'd.  
Beside his thousands of Believers — blind,  
Burning and headlong as the Samiel wind —  
Many who felt, and more who fear'd to feel  
The bloody Islamite's converting steel,  
Flock'd to his banner ;—Chiefs of the' UZBEK race,  
Waving their heron crests with martial grace † ;  
TURKOMANS, countless as their flocks, led forth  
From the' aromatic pastures of the North ;

\* Azab or Saba.

† “ The chiefs of the Uzbek Tartars wear a plume of white heron's feathers in their turbans.” — *Account of Independent Tartary*.

Wild warriors of the turquoise hills\*, — and those  
 Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows  
 Of HINDOO KOSH†, in stormy freedom bred,  
 Their fort the rock, their camp the torrent's bed.  
 But none, of all who own'd the Chief's command,  
 Rush'd to that battle-field with bolder hand,  
 Or sterner hate, than IRAN's outlaw'd men,  
 Her Worshippers of Fire‡ — all panting then  
 For vengeance on the' accursed Saracen;  
 Vengeance at last for their dear country spurn'd,  
 Her throne usurp'd, and her bright shrines o'erturn'd.  
 From YEZD's § eternal Mansion of the Fire,  
 Where aged saints in dreams of Heav'n expire :

\* In the mountains of Nishapour and Tous (in Khorassan) they find turquoises. — *Ebn Haukal*.

† For a description of these stupendous ranges of mountains, see *Elphinstone's Caubul*.

‡ The Ghebers or Guebres, those original natives of Persia, who adhered to their ancient faith, the religion of Zoroaster, and who, after the conquest of their country by the Arabs, were either persecuted at home, or forced to become wanderers abroad.

§ “ Yezd, the chief residence of those ancient natives, who worship the Sun and the Fire, which latter they have carefully kept lighted, without being once extinguished for a moment, about 3000 years, on a mountain near Yezd, called Ater Quedah, signifying the House or Mansion of the Fire. He is reckoned very unfortunate who dies off that mountain.

— *Stephen's Persia*.

From BADKU, and those fountains of blue flame  
That burn into the CASPIAN\*, fierce they came,  
Careless for what or whom the blow was sped,  
So vengeance triumph'd, and their tyrants bled.

Such was the wild and miscellaneous host,  
That high in air their motley banners tost  
Around the Prophet-Chief — all eyes still bent  
Upon that glittering Veil, where'er it went,  
That beacon through the battle's stormy flood,  
That rainbow of the field, whose showers were blood!

Twice hath the sun upon their conflict set,  
And risen again, and found them grappling yet;  
While streams of carnage in his noontide blaze,  
Smoke up to Heav'n — hot as that crimson haze,  
By which the prostrate Caravan is aw'd †,  
In the red Desert, when the wind's abroad.

\* "When the weather is hazy, the springs of Naphtha (on an island near Baku) boil up the higher, and the Naphtha often takes fire on the surface of the earth, and runs in a flame into the sea to a distance almost incredible."—*Hanway on the Everlasting Fire at Baku*.

† *Savary* says of the south wind, which blows in Egypt from February to May, "Sometimes it appears only in the shape

“ On, Swords of God !” the panting CALIPH calls,—  
“ Thrones for the living — Heav’n for him who  
falls !” —

“ On, brave avengers, on,” MOKANNA cries,  
“ And EBLIS blast the recreant slave that flies !”  
Now comes the brunt, the crisis of the day —  
They clash — they strive — the CALIPH’S troops  
give way !

MOKANNA’S self plucks the black Banner down,  
And now the Orient World’s Imperial crown  
Is just within his grasp—when, hark, that shout !  
Some hand hath check’d the flying Moslem’s rout ;  
And now they turn, they rally — at their head  
A warrior, (like those angel youths who led,  
In glorious panoply of Heav’n’s own mail,  
The Champions of the Faith through BEDER’S  
vale \*,)

of an impetuous whirlwind, which passes rapidly, and is fatal to the traveller, surprised in the middle of the deserts. Torrents of burning sand roll before it, the firmament is enveloped in a thick veil, and the sun appears of the colour of blood. Sometimes whole caravans are buried in it.”

\* In the great victory gained by Mahomed at Beder, he was assisted, say the Mussulmans, by three thousand angels, led by Gabriel, mounted on his horse Hiazum. — See *The Koran and its Commentators*.

Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,  
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades, and drives  
At once the multitudinous torrent back —  
While hope and courage kindle in his track ;  
And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes  
Terrible vistas through which victory breaks !  
In vain MOKANNA, midst the general flight,  
Stands, like the red moon, on some stormy night,  
Among the fugitive clouds that, hurrying by,  
Leave only her unshaken in the sky —  
In vain he yells his desperate curses out,  
Deals death promiscuously to all about,  
To foes that charge and coward friends that fly,  
And seems of *all* the Great Arch-enemy.  
The panic spreads — “ A miracle ! ” throughout  
The Moslem ranks, “ a miracle ! ” they shout,  
All gazing on that youth, whose coming seems  
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams ;  
And every sword, true as o'er billows dim  
The needle tracks the load-star, following him !

Right tow'ards MOKANNA now he cleaves his  
path,  
Impatient cleaves, as though the bolt of wrath

He bears from Heav'n withheld its awful burst  
From weaker heads, and souls but half way curst,  
To break o'er Him, the mightiest and the worst !  
But vain his speed — though, in that hour of blood,  
Had all God's seraphs round MOKANNA stood,  
With swords of fire, ready like fate to fall,  
MOKANNA's soul would have defied them all,  
Yet now, the rush of fugitives, too strong  
For human force, hurries ev'n *him* along ;  
In vain he struggles 'mid the wedg'd array  
Of flying thousands — he is borne away ;  
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows,  
In this forc'd flight, is — murdering as he goes !  
As a grim tiger, whom the torrent's might  
Surprizes in some parch'd ravine at night,  
Turns, ev'n in drowning, on the wretched flocks,  
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the rocks,  
And, to the last, devouring on his way,  
Bloodies the stream he hath not power to stay.

“ Alla illa Alla ! ” — the glad shout renew —  
“ Alla Akbar ! ” \* — the Caliph's in MEROU.

\* The Teebir, or cry of the Arabs. “ Alla Acbar ! ” says Ockley, means, “ God is most mighty.”

Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets,  
And light your shrines and chaunt your ziraleets.\*  
The Swords of God have triumph'd — on his throne  
Your Caliph sits, and the veil'd Chief hath flown.  
Who does not envy that young warrior now,  
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,  
In all the graceful gratitude of power,  
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?  
Who doth not wonder, when, amid'st the' acclaim  
Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name —  
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,  
Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,  
Like music round a planet as it rolls, —  
He turns away, — coldly, as if some gloom  
Hung o'er his heart no triumphs can illumine; —  
Some sightless grief, upon whose blasted gaze  
Though glory's light may play, in vain it plays.  
Yes, wretched AZIM ! thine is such a grief,  
Beyond all hope, all terror, all relief;  
A dark, cold calm, which nothing now can break,  
Or warm or brighten, — like that Syrian Lake †,

\* The ziraleet is a kind of chorus, which the women of the East sing upon joyful occasions. — *Russel*.

† The Dead Sea, which contains neither animal nor vegetable life.

Upon whose surface morn and summer shed  
Their smiles in vain, for all beneath is dead ! —  
Hearts there have been, o'er which this weight of woe  
Came by long use of suffering, tame and slow ;  
But thine, lost youth ! was sudden — over thee  
It broke at once, when all seem'd ecstasy ;  
When Hope look'd up, and saw the gloomy Past  
Melt into splendour, and Bliss dawn at last —  
'Twas then, ev'n then, o'er joys so freshly blown,  
This mortal blight of misery came down ;  
Ev'n then, the full, warm gushings of thy heart  
Were check'd—like fount-drops, frozen as they start—  
And there, like them, cold, sunless relics hang,  
Each fix'd and chill'd into a lasting pang.

One sole desire, one passion now remains  
To keep life's fever still within his veins,  
Vengeance ! — dire vengeance on the wretch who  
    cast  
O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.  
For this, when rumours reach'd him in his flight  
Far, far away, after that fatal night, —  
Rumours of armies, thronging to the' attack  
Of the Veil'd Chief, — for this he wing'd him back,



Fleet as the vulture speeds to flags unfurl'd,  
And, when all hope seem'd desp'rate, wildly hurl'd  
Himself into the scale, and sav'd a world.  
For this he still lives on, careless of all  
The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall ;  
For this alone exists — like lightning-fire,  
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire !

But safe as yet that Spirit of Evil lives ;  
With a small band of desperate fugitives,  
The last sole stubborn fragment, left unriven,  
Of the proud host that late stood fronting Heaven,  
He gain'd MEROU — breath'd a short curse of blood  
O'er his lost throne — then pass'd the JIHON'S flood \*,  
And gathering all, whose madness of belief  
Still saw a Saviour in their down-fall'n Chief,  
Rais'd the white banner within NEKSHEB'S gates †,  
And there, untam'd, the approaching conqueror waits.

Of all his Haram, all that busy hive,  
With music and with sweets sparkling alive,

\* The ancient Oxus.

† A city of Transoxiana.

He took but one, the partner of his flight,  
One — not for love — not for her beauty's light —  
No, ZELICA stood withering midst the gay,  
Wan as the blossom that fell yesterday  
From the' Alma tree and dies, while overhead  
To-day's young flower is springing in its stead.\*  
Oh, not for love — the deepest Damn'd must be  
Touch'd with Heaven's glory, ere such fiends as he  
Can feel one glimpse of Love's divinity.  
But no, she is his victim ; — *there* lie all  
Her charms for him — charms that can never pall,  
As long as hell within his heart can stir,  
Or one faint trace of Heaven is left in her.  
To work an angel's ruin, — to behold  
As white a page as Virtue e'er unroll'd  
Blacken, beneath his touch, into a scroll  
Of damning sins, seal'd with a burning soul —  
This is his triumph ; this the joy accurst,  
That ranks him among demons all but first :

\* “ You never can cast your eyes on this tree, but you meet there either blossoms or fruit ; and as the blossom drops underneath on the ground (which is frequently covered with these purple-coloured flowers), others come forth in their stead,” &c. &c. — *Nieuhoff*.

This gives the victim, that before him lies  
Blighted and lost, a glory in his eyes,  
A light like that with which hell-fire illumines  
The ghastly, writhing wretch whom it consumes !

But other tasks now wait him — tasks that need  
All the deep daringness of thought and deed  
With which the Dives\* have gifted him — for mark,  
Over yon plains, which night had else made dark,  
Those lanterns, countless as the winged lights  
That spangle INDIA's fields on showery nights†, —  
Far as their formidable gleams they shed,  
The mighty tents of the beleaguerer spread,  
Glimmering along the' horizon's dusky line,  
And thence in nearer circles, till they shine  
Among the founts and groves, o'er which the town  
In all its arm'd magnificence looks down.  
Yet, fearless, from his lofty battlements  
MOKANNA views that multitude of tents ;  
Nay, smiles to think that, though entoil'd, beset,  
Not less than myriads dare to front him yet ; —

\* The Demons of the Persian mythology.

† Carreri mentions the fire-flies in India during the rainy season. — See his Travels.

That friendless, throneless, he thus stands at bay,  
Ev'n thus a match for myriads such as they.

" Oh, for a sweep of that dark Angel's wing,

" Who brush'd the thousands of the' Assyrian  
King\*

" To darkness in a moment, that I might

" People Hell's chambers with yon host to-night !

" But, come what may, let who will grasp the  
throne,

" Caliph or Prophet, Man alike shall groan ;

" Let who will torture him, Priest — Caliph — King —

" Alike this loathsome world of his shall ring

" With victims' shrieks and howlings of the slave, —

" Sounds, that shall glad me ev'n within my grave !"

Thus, to himself — but to the scanty train

Still left around him, a far different strain : —

" Glorious Defenders of the sacred Crown

" I bear from Heav'n, whose light nor blood shall  
drown

" Nor shadow of earth eclipse ; — before whose gems

" The paly pomp of this world's diadems,

\* Sennacherib, called by the Orientals King of Moussal.

— *D'Herbelot.*

“ The crown of GERASHID, the pillar’d throne  
“ Of PARVIZ\*, and the heron crest that shone†,  
“ Magnificent, o’er ALI’s beauteous eyes‡,  
“ Fade like the stars when morn is in the skies :  
“ Warriors, rejoice — the port to which we’ve pass’d  
“ O’er Destiny’s dark wave, beams out at last !  
“ Victory’s our own — ’tis written in that Book  
“ Upon whose leaves none but the angels look,  
“ That ISLAM’s sceptre shall beneath the power  
“ Of her great foe fall broken in that hour,  
“ When the moon’s mighty orb, before all eyes,  
“ From NEKSHEB’S Holy Well portentously shall rise !

\* Chosroes. For the description of his Throne or Palace, see *Gibbon* and *D’Herbelot*.

There were said to be under this Throne or Palace of Khosrou Parviz a hundred vaults filled with “treasures so immense that some Mahometan writers tell us, their Prophet, to encourage his disciples, carried them to a rock, which at his command opened, and gave them a prospect through it of the treasures of Khosrou.” — *Universal History*.

† “ The crown of Gerashid is cloudy and tarnished before the heron tuft of thy turban.” — From one of the elegies or songs in praise of Ali, written in characters of gold round the gallery of Abbas’s tomb. — See *Chardin*.

‡ The beauty of Ali’s eyes was so remarkable, that whenever the Persians would describe any thing as very lovely, they say it is Ayn Hali, or the Eyes of Ali. — *Chardin*.

“ Now turn and see ! ” —

They turn'd, and, as he spoke,  
A sudden splendour all around them broke,  
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,  
Rise from the Holy Well\*, and cast its light  
Round the rich city and the plain for miles†, —  
Flinging such radiance o'er the gilded tiles  
Of many a dome and fair-roof'd imaret  
As autumn suns shed round them when they set.  
Instant from all who saw the' illusive sign  
A murmur broke — “ Miraculous ! divine ! ”  
The Gheber bow'd, thinking his idol star  
Had wak'd, and burst impatient through the bar  
Of midnight, to inflame him to the war ;  
While he of MOUSSA's creed saw, in that ray,  
The glorious Light which, in his freedom's day,

\* We are not told more of this trick of the Impostor, than that it was “ *une machine, qu'il disoit être la Lune.* ” According to Richardson, the miracle is perpetuated in Neksheb. — “ Nakshab, the name of a city in Transoxiania, where they say there is a well, in which the appearance of the moon is to be seen night and day.”

† “ *Il amusa pendant deux mois le peuple de la ville de Nekhscheb, en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux semblable à Lune, qui portoit sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles.* ” — *D'Herbelot.*  
Hence he was called Sazendémah, or the Moon-maker.

Had rested on the Ark\*, and now again  
Shone out to bless the breaking of his chain.

“To victory!” is at once the cry of all —  
Nor stands MOKANNA loitering at that call;  
But instant the huge gates are flung aside,  
And forth, like a diminutive mountain-tide  
Into the boundless sea, they speed their course  
Right on into the MOSLEM’S mighty force.  
The watchmen of the camp, — who, in their rounds,  
Had paus’d, and ev’n forgot the punctual sounds  
Of the small drum with which they count the night†,  
To gaze upon that supernatural light, —  
Now sink beneath an unexpected arm,  
And in a death-groan give their last alarm.  
“On for the lamps, that light yon lofty screen‡,  
“Nor blunt your blades with massacre so mean;

\* The Shechinah, called Sakinat in the Koran. — See *Salé’s Note*, chap. ii.

† The parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, as by the rounds of the watchmen with cries and small drums. — See *Burder’s Oriental Customs*, vol. i. p. 119.

‡ The Serrapurda, high screens of red cloth, stiffened with cane, used to enclose a considerable space round the royal tents. — *Notes on the Bahardanush*.

“ *There* rests the CALIPH — speed — one lucky lance  
“ May now achieve mankind’s deliverance.”

Desperate the die — such as they only cast,  
Who venture for a world, and stake their last.  
But Fate’s no longer with him — blade for blade  
Springs up to meet them thro’ the glimmering shade,  
And, as the clash is heard, new legions soon  
Pour to the spot, like bees of KAUZEROON\*  
To the shrill timbrel’s summons, — till, at length,  
The mighty camp swarms out in all its strength,  
And back to NEKSHEB’s gates, covering the plain  
With random slaughter, drives the’ adventurous train;  
Among the last of whom the Silver Veil  
Is seen glittering at times, like the white sail  
Of some toss’d vessel, on a stormy night,  
Catching the tempest’s momentary light !

And hath not *this* brought the proud spirit low ?  
Nor dash’d his brow, nor check’d his daring ? No.

The tents of Princes were generally illuminated. Norden tells us that the tent of the Bey of Girge was distinguished from the other tents by forty lanterns being suspended before it. — See *Harmer’s Observations on Job*.

\* “ From the groves of orange trees at Kauzeroon the bees cull a celebrated honey.” — *Morier’s Travels*.



Though half the wretches, whom at night he led  
To thrones and victory, lie disgrac'd and dead,  
Yet morning hears him with unshrinking crest,  
Still vaunt of thrones, and victory to the rest ; —  
And they believe him ! — oh, the lover may  
Distrust that look which steals his soul away ; —  
The babe may cease to think that it can play  
With Heaven's rainbow ; — alchymists may doubt  
The shining gold their crucible gives out ;  
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast  
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

And well the' Impostor knew all lures and arts,  
That LUCIFER e'er taught to tangle hearts ;  
Nor, mid these last bold workings of his plot  
Against men's souls, is ZELICA forgot.  
Ill-fated ZELICA ! had reason been  
Awake, through half the horrors thou hast seen,  
Thou never could'st have borne it — Death had come  
At once, and taken thy wrung spirit home.  
But 'twas not so — a torpor, a suspense  
Of thought, almost of life, came o'er the intense  
And passionate struggles of that fearful night,  
When her last hope of peace and heav'n took flight :

And though, at times, a gleam of frenzy broke, —  
As through some dull volcano's veil of smoke  
Ominous flashings now and then will start,  
Which show the fire's still busy at its heart ;  
Yet was she mostly wrapp'd in solemn gloom, —  
Not such as AZIM's, brooding o'er its doom,  
And calm without, as is the brow of death,  
While busy worms are gnawing underneath —  
But in a blank and pulseless torpor, free  
From thought or pain, a seal'd-up apathy,  
Which left her oft, with scarce one living thrill,  
The cold, pale victim of her torturer's will.

Again, as in MEROU, he had her deck'd  
Gorgeously out, the Priestess of the sect ;  
And led her glittering forth before the eyes  
Of his rude train, as to a sacrifice, —  
Pallid as she, the young, devoted Bride  
Of the fierce NILE, when, deck'd in all the pride  
Of nuptial pomp, she sinks into his tide.\*

\* “ A custom still subsisting at this day, seems to me to prove that the Egyptians formerly sacrificed a young virgin to the God of the Nile ; for they now make a statue of earth in shape of a girl, to which they give the name of the Betrothed Bride, and throw it into the river.” — *Savary*.

And while the wretched maid hung down her head,  
And stood, as one just risen from the dead,  
Amid that gazing crowd, the fiend would tell  
His credulous slaves it was some charm or spell  
Possess'd her now,—and from that darken'd trance  
Should dawn ere long their Faith's deliverance.  
Or if, at times, goaded by guilty shame,  
Her soul was rous'd, and words of wildness came,  
Instant the bold blasphemer would translate  
Her ravings into oracles of fate,  
Would hail Heav'n's signals in her flashing eyes,  
And call her shrieks the language of the skies!

But vain at length his arts—despair is seen  
Gathering around; and famine comes to glean  
All that the sword had left unreap'd:—in vain  
At morn and eve across the northern plain  
He looks impatient for the promis'd spears  
Of the wild Hordes and TARTAR mountaineers;  
They come not—while his fierce beleaguers pour  
Engines of havoc in, unknown before\*,

\* That they knew the secret of the Greek fire among the Mussulmans early in the eleventh century, appears from *Dow's Account of Mamood I.* “When he arrived at Moulton, finding that the country of the Jits was defended by great

And horrible as new\* ; — javelins, that fly  
Enwreath'd with smoky flames through the dark sky,

rivers, he ordered fifteen hundred boats to be built, each of which he armed with six iron spikes, projecting from their prows and sides, to prevent their being boarded by the enemy, who were very expert in that kind of war. When he had launched this fleet, he ordered twenty archers into each boat, and five others with fire-balls, to burn the craft of the Jits, and naphtha to set the whole river on fire."

The *agnee aster*, too, in Indian poems the Instrument of Fire, whose flame cannot be extinguished, is supposed to signify the Greek Fire. — See *Wilks's South of India*, vol. i. p. 471. — And in the curious Javan poem, the *Brata Yudha* given by *Sir Stamford Raffles* in his *History of Java*, we find, "He aimed at the heart of Soéta with the sharp-pointed Weapon of Fire."

The mention of gunpowder as in use among the Arabians, long before its supposed discovery in Europe, is introduced by *Ebn Fadhl*, the Egyptian geographer, who lived in the thirteenth century. "Bodies," he says, "in the form of scorpions, bound round and filled with nitrous powder, glide along, making a gentle noise; then, exploding, they lighten, as it were, and burn. But there are others which, cast into the air, stretch along like a cloud, roaring horribly, as thunder roars, and on all sides vomiting out flames, burst, burn, and reduce to cinders whatever comes in their way." The historian *Ben Abdalla*, in speaking of the sieges of Abulualid in the year of the Hegira 712, says, "A fiery globe, by means of combustible matter, with a mighty noise suddenly emitted, strikes with the force of lightning, and shakes the citadel." — See the extracts from *Casiri's Biblioth. Arab. Hispan.* in the Appendix to *Berington's Literary History of the Middle Ages*.

\* The Greek fire, which was occasionally lent by the em-

And red-hot globes, that, opening as they mount,  
 Discharge, as from a kindled Naphtha fount \*,  
 Showers of consuming fire o'er all below ;  
 Looking, as through the' illumin'd night they go,  
 Like those wild birds† that by the Magians oft,  
 At festivals of fire, were sent aloft

perors to their allies. " It was," says Gibbon, " either launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil."

\* See *Hanway's Account of the Springs of Naphtha at Baku* (which is called by *Lieutenant Pottinger* Joala Mookee, or, the Flaming Mouth,) taking fire and running into the sea. *Dr. Cooke*, in his *Journal*, mentions some wells in Circassia, strongly impregnated with this inflammable oil, from which issues boiling water. " Though the weather," he adds, " was now very cold, the warmth of these wells of hot water produced near them the verdure and flowers of spring."

*Major Scott Waring* says, that naphtha is used by the Persians, as we are told it was in hell, for lamps.

. . . . . many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light  
 As from a sky.

† " At the great festival of fire, called the Sheb Sezê, they used to set fire to large bunches of dry combustibles, fastened round wild beasts and birds, which being then let loose, the air and earth appeared one great illumination; and as these terrified creatures naturally fled to the woods for shelter, it is easy to conceive the conflagrations they produced." — *Richardson's Dissertation*.

Into the air, with blazing faggots tied  
To their huge wings, scattering combustion wide.  
All night the groans of wretches who expire,  
In agony, beneath these darts of fire,  
Ring through the city — while, descending o'er  
Its shrines and domes and streets of sycamore, —  
Its lone bazars, with their bright cloths of gold,  
Since the last peaceful pageant left unroll'd, —  
Its beauteous marble baths, whose idle jets  
Now gush with blood, — and its tall minarets,  
That late have stood up in the evening glare  
Of the red sun, unhallow'd by a prayer; —  
O'er each, in turn, the dreadful flame-bolts fall,  
And death and conflagration throughout all  
The desolate city hold high festival !

MOKANNA sees the world is his no more ; —  
One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.  
“ What ! drooping now ? ” — thus, with unblushing  
cheek,  
He hails the few, who yet can hear him speak,  
Of all those famish'd slaves around him lying,  
And by the light of blazing temples dying ; —

“ What ! — drooping now ? — now, when at length  
we press

“ Home o’er the very threshold of success ;

“ When ALLA from our ranks hath thinn’d away

“ Those grosser branches, that kept out his ray

“ Of favour from us, and we stand at length

“ Heirs of his light and children of his strength,

“ The chosen few, who shall survive the fall

“ Of Kings and Thrones, triumphant over all !

“ Have you then lost, weak murmurers as you are,

“ All faith in him, who was your Light, your Star ?

“ Have you forgot the eye of glory, hid

“ Beneath this Veil, the flashing of whose lid

“ Could, like a sun-stroke of the desert, wither

“ Millions of such as yonder Chief brings hither ?

“ Long have its lightnings slept — too long — but  
now

“ All earth shall feel the’ unveiling of this brow !

“ To-night — yes, sainted men ! this very night,

“ I bid you all to a fair festal rite,

“ Where — having deep refresh’d each weary limb

“ With viands, such as feast Heav’n’s cherubim,

“ And kindled up your souls, now sunk and dim,

“ With that pure wine the Dark-ey’d Maids above  
“ Keep, seal’d with precious musk, for those they  
    love \*, —

“ I will myself uncurtain in your sight  
“ The wonders of this brow’s ineffable light ;  
“ Then lead you forth, and with a wink disperse  
“ Yon myriads, howling through the universe !”

Eager they listen—while each accent darts  
New life into their chill’d and hope-sick hearts ;  
Such treacherous life as the cool draught supplies  
To him upon the stake, who drinks and dies !  
Wildly they point their lances to the light  
Of the fast sinking sun, and shout “ To-night !” —  
“ To-night,” their Chief re-echoes in a voice  
Of fiend-like mockery that bids hell rejoice.  
Deluded victims ! — never hath this earth  
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth.  
*Here*, to the few, whose iron frames had stood  
This racking waste of famine and of blood,  
Faint, dying wretches clung, from whom the shout  
Of triumph like a maniac’s laugh broke out :—

\* “ The righteous shall be given to drink of pure wine,  
sealed ; the seal whereof shall be musk.”—*Koran*, chap. lxxxiii.



*There*, others, lighted by the smouldering fire,  
Danc'd, like wan ghosts about a funeral pyre,  
Among the dead and dying, strew'd around ;—  
While some pale wretch look'd on, and from his wound  
Plucking the fiery dart by which he bled,  
In ghastly transport wav'd it o'er his head !

'Twas more than midnight now—a fearful pause  
Had follow'd the long shouts, the wild applause,  
That lately from those Royal Gardens burst,  
Where the Veil'd demon held his feast accurst,  
When *ZELICA*—alas, poor ruin'd heart,  
In every horror doom'd to bear its part !—  
Was bidden to the banquet by a slave,  
Who, while his quivering lip the summons gave,  
Grew black, as though the shadows of the grave  
Compass'd him round, and, ere he could repeat  
His message through, fell lifeless at her feet !  
Shuddering she went—a soul-felt pang of fear,  
A presage that her own dark doom was near,  
Rous'd every feeling, and brought Reason back  
Once more, to writhe her last upon the rack.  
All round seem'd tranquil—even the foe had ceas'd,  
As if aware of that demoniac feast,

His fiery bolts; and though the heavens look'd red,  
'Twas but some distant conflagration's spread.  
But hark—she stops—she listens—dreadful tone!  
'Tis her Tormentor's laugh—and now, a groan,  
A long death-groan comes with it:—can this be  
The place of mirth, the bower of revelry?  
She enters—Holy ALLA, what a sight  
Was there before her! By the glimmering light  
Of the pale dawn, mix'd with the flare of brands  
That round lay burning, dropp'd from lifeless hands,  
She saw the board, in splendid mockery spread,  
Rich censers breathing—garlands overhead—  
The urns, the cups, from which they late had quaff'd  
All gold and gems, but—what had been the draught?  
Oh! who need ask, that saw those livid guests,  
With their swell'd heads sunk blackening on their  
    breasts,  
Or looking pale to Heav'n with glassy glare,  
As if they sought but saw no mercy there;  
As if they felt, though poison rack'd them through,  
Remorse the deadlier torment of the two!  
While some, the bravest, hardest in the train  
Of their false Chief, who on the battle-plain

Would have met death with transport by his side,  
Here mute and helpless gasp'd ;—but, as they died,  
Look'd horrible vengeance with their eyes' last strain,  
And clench'd the slackening hand at him in vain.

Dreadful it was to see the ghastly stare,  
The stony look of horror and despair,  
Which some of these expiring victims cast  
Upon their souls' tormentor to the last ;—  
Upon that mocking Fiend, whose Veil, now rais'd,  
Show'd them, as in death's agony they gaz'd,  
Not the long promis'd light, the brow, whose beaming  
Was to come forth, all conquering, all redeeming,  
But features horribler than Hell e'er trac'd  
On its own brood ;—no Demon of the Waste\*,  
No church-yard Ghole, caught lingering in the light  
Of the blest sun, e'er blasted human sight  
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those  
The' Impostor now, in grinning mockery, shows:—

\* “ The Afghauns believe each of the numerous solitudes and deserts of their country to be inhabited by a lonely demon, whom they call the Ghoollee Beeabau, or Spirit of the Waste. They often illustrate the wildness of any sequestered tribe, by saying, they are wild as the Demon of the Waste.”—*Elphinstone's Cabul*.

“ There, ye wise Saints, behold your Light, your  
Star—

“ Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.

“ Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill

“ Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?

“ Swear that the burning death ye feel within

“ Is but the trance with which Heav’n’s joys begin;

“ That this foul visage, foul as e’er disgrac’d

“ Ev’n monstrous man, is—after God’s own taste;

“ And that—but see!—ere I have half-way said

“ My greetings through, the’ uncourteous souls are  
fled.

“ Farewell, sweet spirits! not in vain ye die,

“ If EBLIS loves you half so well as I.—

“ Ha, my young bride!—’tis well—take thou thy  
seat;

“ Nay come—no shuddering—didst thou never meet

“ The Dead before?—they grac’d our wedding,  
sweet;

“ And these, my guests to-night, have brimm’d so  
true

“ Their parting cups, that *thou* shalt pledge one too.

“ But—how is this?—all empty? all drunk up?

“ Hot lips have been before thee in the cup,

" Young bride — yet stay — one precious drop  
remains,

" Enough to warm a gentle Priestess' veins ; —

" Here, drink — and should thy lover's conquering  
arms

" Speed hither, ere thy lip lose all its charms,

" Give him but half this venom in thy kiss,

" And I'll forgive my haughty rival's bliss !

" For, *me* — I too must die — but not like these

" Vile, rankling things, to fester in the breeze ;

" To have this brow in ruffian triumph shown,

" With all death's grimness added to its own,

" And rot to dust beneath the taunting eyes

" Of slaves, exclaiming, ' There his Godship lies ! '

" No — cursed race — since first my soul drew breath,

" They've been my dupes, and *shall* be ev'n in death.

" Thou see'st yon cistern in the shade — 'tis fill'd

" With burning drugs, for this last hour distill'd \* : —

\* " Il donna du poison dans le vin à tous ses gens, et se jeta lui-même ensuite dans une cuve pleine de drogues brûlantes et consumantes, afin qu'il ne restât rien de tous les membres de son corps, et que ceux qui restoient de sa secte pussent croire qu'il étoit monté au ciel, ce qui ne manqua pas d'arriver." — *D'Herbelot*.

“ There will I plunge me, in that liquid flame—  
“ Fit bath to lave a dying Prophet’s frame !—  
“ There perish, all — ere pulse of thine shall fail—  
“ Nor leave one limb to tell mankind the tale.  
“ So shall my votaries, wheresoe’er they rave,  
“ Proclaim that Heav’n took back the Saint it gave;—  
“ That I’ve but vanish’d from this earth awhile,  
“ To come again, with bright, unshrouded smile !  
“ So shall they build me altars in their zeal,  
“ Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;  
“ Where Faith may mutter o’er her mystic spell,  
“ Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell  
“ The sail he spreads for Heav’n with blasts from  
    hell !  
“ So shall my banner, through long ages, be  
“ The rallying sign of fraud and anarchy ;—  
“ Kings yet unborn shall rue MOKANNA’S name,  
“ And, though I die, my spirit, still the same,  
“ Shall walk abroad in all the stormy strife,  
“ And guilt, and blood, that were its bliss in life.  
“ But, hark ! their battering engine shakes the wall—  
“ Why, *let* it shake—thus I can brave them all.  
“ No trace of me shall greet them, when they come,  
“ And I can trust thy faith, for — thou’lt be dumb.

“ Now mark how readily a wretch like me,  
“ In one bold plunge, commences Deity !”

He sprung and sunk, as the last words were said —  
Quick clos'd the burning waters o'er his head,  
And ZELICA was left — within the ring  
Of those wide walls the only living thing ;  
The only wretched one, still curs'd with breath,  
In all that frightful wilderness of death !  
More like some bloodless ghost — such as, they tell,  
In the Lone Cities of the Silent\* dwell,  
And there, unseen of all but ALLA, sit  
Each by its own pale carcass, watching it.

But morn is up, and a fresh warfare stirs  
Throughout the camp of the beleaguers.  
Their globes of fire (the dread artillery lent  
By GREECE to conquering MAHADI) are spent ;  
And now the scorpion's shaft, the quarry sent

\* “ They have all a great reverence for burial-grounds, which they sometimes call by the poetical name of Cities of the Silent, and which they people with the ghosts of the departed, who sit each at the head of his own grave, invisible to mortal eyes.” — *Elphinstone*.

From high balistas, and the shielded throng  
Of soldiers swinging the huge ram along,  
All speak the' impatient Islamite's intent  
To try, at length, if tower and battlement  
And bastion'd wall be not less hard to win,  
Less tough to break down than the hearts within.  
First in impatience and in toil is he,  
The burning AZIM — oh ! could he but see  
The' Impostor once alive within his grasp,  
Not the gaunt lion's hug, nor boa's clasp,  
Could match that gripe of vengeance, or keep pace  
With the fell heartiness of Hate's embrace !

Loud rings the ponderous ram against the walls ;  
Now shake the ramparts, now a buttress falls,  
But still no breach — " Once more, one mighty swing  
" Of all your beams, together thundering !"  
There — the wall shakes — the shouting troops exult,  
" Quick, quick discharge your weightiest catapult  
" Right on that spot, and NEKSHEB is our own !"  
'Tis done — the battlements come crashing down,  
And the huge wall, by that stroke riv'n in two,  
Yawning, like some old crater, rent anew,  
Shows the dim, desolate city smoking through.



But strange ! no signs of life — nought living seen  
Above, below — what can this stillness mean ?  
A minute's pause suspends all hearts and eyes —  
“ In through the breach,” impetuous AZIM cries ;  
But the cool CALIPH, fearful of some wile  
In this blank stillness, checks the troops awhile. —  
Just then, a figure, with slow step, advanc'd  
Forth from the ruin'd walls, and, as there glanc'd  
A sunbeam over it, all eyes could see  
The well-known Silver Veil ! — “ 'Tis He, 'tis  
He,  
“ MOKANNA, and alone ! ” they shout around ;  
Young AZIM from his steed springs to the ground —  
“ Mine, Holy Caliph ! mine,” he cries, “ the task  
“ To crush yon daring wretch — 'tis all I ask.”  
Eager he darts to meet the demon foe,  
Who still across wide heaps of ruin slow  
And falteringly comes, till they are near ;  
Then, with a bound, rushes on AZIM's spear,  
And, casting off the Veil in falling, shows —  
Oh ! — 'tis his ZELICA's life-blood that flows !

“ I meant not, AZIM,” soothingly she said,  
As on his trembling arm she lean'd her head,

And, looking in his face, saw anguish there  
Beyond all wounds the quivering flesh can bear —  
“ I meant not *thou* shouldst have the pain of this : —  
“ Though death, with thee thus tasted, is a bliss  
“ Thou wouldst not rob me of, didst thou but  
    know,  
“ How oft I’ve pray’d to God I might die so !  
“ But the Fiend’s venom was too scant and slow ; —  
“ To linger on were maddening — and I thought  
“ If once that Veil — nay, look not on it — caught  
“ The eyes of your fierce soldiery, I should be  
“ Struck by a thousand death-darts instantly.  
“ But this is sweeter — oh ! believe me, yes —  
“ I would not change this sad, but dear caress,  
“ This death within thy arms I would not give  
“ For the most smiling life the happiest live !  
“ All, that stood dark and drear before the eye  
“ Of my stray’d soul, is passing swiftly by ;  
“ A light comes o’er me from those looks of love,  
“ Like the first dawn of mercy from above ;  
“ And if thy lips but tell me I’m forgiven,  
“ Angels will echo the blest words in Heaven !  
“ But live, my AZIM ; — oh ! to call thee mine  
“ Thus once again ! *my* AZIM — dream divine !

“ Live, if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet  
“ Thy ZELICA hereafter would be sweet,  
“ Oh, live to pray for her — to bend the knee  
“ Morning and night before that Deity,  
“ To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,  
“ As thine are, AZIM, never breath'd in vain, —  
“ And pray that He may pardon her, — may take  
“ Compassion on her soul for thy dear sake,  
“ And, nought remembering but her love to thee,  
“ Make her all thine, all His, eternally !  
“ Go to those happy fields where first we twin'd  
“ Our youthful hearts together — every wind  
“ That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known  
    flowers,  
“ Will bring the sweetness of those innocent hours  
“ Back to thy soul, and thou may'st feel again  
“ For thy poor ZELICA as thou didst then.  
“ So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies  
“ To Heav'n upon the morning's sunshine, rise  
“ With all love's earliest ardour to the skies !  
“ And should they — but, alas, my senses fail —  
“ Oh for one minute!—should thy prayers prevail—  
“ If pardon'd souls may, from that World of Bliss,  
“ Reveal their joy to those they love in this —

“ I’ll come to thee—in some sweet dream—and tell—  
“ Oh Heav’n—I die—dear love! farewell, farewell.”

Time fled — years on years had pass’d away,  
And few of those who, on that mournful day,  
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see  
The maiden’s death, and the youth’s agony,  
Were living still — when, by a rustic grave,  
Beside the swift Amoo’s transparent wave,  
An aged man, who had grown aged there  
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,  
For the last time knelt down—and, though the shade  
Of death hung darkening over him, there play’d  
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,  
That brighten’d even Death — like the last streak  
Of intense glory on the horizon’s brim,  
When night o’er all the rest hangs chill and dim.  
His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;  
She, for whose spirit he had pray’d and wept  
So many years, had come to him, all drest  
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!  
For this the old man breath’d his thanks, and died.—  
And there, upon the banks of that lov’d tide,  
He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

THE story of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan being ended, they were now doomed to hear FADLADEEN's criticisms upon it. A series of disappointments and accidents had occurred to this learned Chamberlain during the journey. In the first place, those couriers stationed, as in the reign of Shah Jehan, between Delhi and the Western coast of India, to secure a constant supply of mangoes for the Royal Table, had, by some cruel irregularity, failed in their duty; and to eat any mangoes but those of Mazagong was, of course, impossible.\* In the next place, the elephant, laden with his fine antique porce-

\* "The celebrity of Mazagong is owing to its mangoes, which are certainly the best fruit I ever tasted. The parent-tree, from which all those of this species have been grafted, is honoured during the fruit-season by a guard of sepoy; and, in the reign of Shah Jehan, couriers were stationed between Delhi and the Mahratta coast, to secure an abundant and fresh supply of mangoes for the royal table." — *Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

lain \*, had, in an unusual fit of liveliness, shattered the whole set to pieces :— an irreparable loss, as many of the vessels were so exquisitely old, as to have been used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang. His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle, had been mislaid by his Koran-bearer three whole days; not without much spiritual alarm to FADLADEEN, who, though professing to hold with other loyal and orthodox Mussulmans, that salvation could only be found in the Koran, was strongly suspected of believ-

\* This old porcelain is found in digging, and "if it is esteemed, it is not because it has acquired any new degree of beauty in the earth, but because it has retained its ancient beauty; and this alone is of great importance in China, where they give large sums for the smallest vessels which were used under the Emperors Yan and Chun, who reigned many ages before the dynasty of Tang, at which time porcelain began to be used by the Emperors" (about the year 442). — *Dunn's Collection of curious Observations, &c.*; — a bad translation of some parts of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* of the Missionary Jesuits.

ing in his heart, that it could only be found in his own particular copy of it. When to all these grievances is added the obstinacy of the cooks, in putting the pepper of Canara into his dishes instead of the cinnamon of Serendib, we may easily suppose that he came to the task of criticism with, at least, a sufficient degree of irritability for the purpose.

“In order,” said he, importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, “to convey with clearness my opinion of the story this young man has related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever ——” — “My good FADLADEEN!” exclaimed the Princess, interrupting him, “we really do not deserve that you should give yourself so much trouble. Your opinion of the poem we have just heard, will, I have no doubt, be abundantly edifying, without any further waste of your valuable erudition.” — “If that be all,” replied the critic, — evidently mortified at not being allowed to

show how much he knew about every thing, but the subject immediately before him—"if that be all that is required, the matter is easily despatched." He then proceeded to analyse the poem, in that strain (so well known to the unfortunate bards of Delhi), whose censures were an infliction from which few recovered, and whose very praises were like the honey extracted from the bitter flowers of the aloe. The chief personages of the story were, if he rightly understood them, an ill-favoured gentleman, with a veil over his face;—a young lady, whose reason went and came, according as it suited the poet's convenience to be sensible or otherwise;—and a youth in one of those hideous Bucharian bonnets, who took the aforesaid gentleman in a veil for a Divinity. "From such materials," said he, "what can be expected?—after rivalling each other in long speeches and absurdities, through some thousands of lines as indigestible as the filberts of Berdaa, our friend in the veil jumps into a tub



of aquafortis; the young lady dies in a set speech, whose only recommendation is that it is her last; and the lover lives on to a good old age, for the laudable purpose of seeing her ghost, which he at last happily accomplishes, and expires. This, you will allow, is a fair summary of the story; and if Nasser, the Arabian merchant, told no better, our Holy Prophet (to whom be all honour and glory!) had no need to be jealous of his abilities for story-telling.”\*

With respect to the style, it was worthy of the matter;—it had not even those politic contrivances of structure, which make up for the commonness of the thoughts by the peculiarity of the manner, nor that stately poetical phraseology by which sentiments mean in themselves,

\* “La lecture de ces Fables plaisoit si fort aux Arabes, que, quand Mahomet les entretenoit de l’Histoire de l’Ancien Testament, ils les méprisoient, lui disant que celles que Nasser leur racontoient étoient beaucoup plus belles. Cette préférence attira à Nasser la malediction de Mahomet et de tous ses disciples.” — *D’Herbelot*.

like the blacksmith's\* apron converted into a banner, are so easily gilt and embroidered into consequence. Then, as to the versification, it was, to say no worse of it, execrable: it had neither the copious flow of Ferdosi, the sweetness of Hafez, nor the sententious march of Sadi; but appeared to him, in the uneasy heaviness of its movements, to have been modelled upon the gait of a very tired dromedary. The licences, too, in which it indulged, were unpardonable;—for instance this line, and the poem abounded with such;—

Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.

“What critic that can count,” said FADLADEEN, “and has his full complement of fingers to count withal, would tolerate for an instant such syllabic superfluities?”—He here looked round, and discovered that most of his audience were asleep; while the glimmering lamps seemed

\* The blacksmith Gao, who successfully resisted the tyrant Zohak, and whose apron became the Royal Standard of Persia.

inclined to follow their example. It became necessary, therefore, however painful to himself, to put an end to his valuable animadversions for the present, and he accordingly concluded, with an air of dignified candour, thus:—"Notwithstanding the observations which I have thought it my duty to make, it is by no means my wish to discourage the young man:—so far from it, indeed, that if he will but totally alter his style of writing and thinking, I have very little doubt that I shall be vastly pleased with him."

Some days elapsed, after this harangue of the Great Chamberlain, before LALLA ROOKH could venture to ask for another story. The youth was still a welcome guest in the pavilion—to *one* heart, perhaps, too dangerously welcome;—but all mention of poetry was, as if by common consent, avoided. Though none of the party had much respect for FADLADEEN, yet his censures, thus magisterially delivered, evidently made an impression on them all. The Poet,

himself, to whom criticism was quite a new operation, (being wholly unknown in that Paradise of the Indies, Cashmere,) felt the shock as it is generally felt at first, till use has made it more tolerable to the patient;—the Ladies began to suspect that they ought not to be pleased, and seemed to conclude that there must have been much good sense in what FAD-LADEEN said, from its having set them all so soundly to sleep;—while the self-complacent Chamberlain was left to triumph in the idea of having, for the hundred and fiftieth time in his life, extinguished a Poet. LALLA ROOKH alone—and Love knew why—persisted in being delighted with all she had heard, and in resolving to hear more as speedily as possible. Her manner, however, of first returning to the subject was unlucky. It was while they rested during the heat of noon near a fountain, on which some hand had rudely traced those well-known words from the Garden of Sadi,—  
“ Many, like me, have viewed this fountain,

but they are gone, and their eyes are closed for ever !” — that she took occasion, from the melancholy beauty of this passage, to dwell upon the charms of poetry in general. “ It is true,” she said, “ few poets can imitate that sublime bird, which flies always in the air, and never touches the earth\* : — it is only once in many ages a Genius appears, whose words, like those on the Written Mountain, last for ever† : — but still there are some, as delightful,

\* “ The Huma, a bird peculiar to the East. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground ; it is looked upon as a bird of happy omen ; and that every head it overshades will in time wear a crown.” — *Richardson*.

In the terms of alliance made by Fuzzel Oola Khan with Hyder in 1760, one of the stipulations was, “ that he should have the distinction of two honorary attendants standing behind him, holding fans composed of the feathers of the humma, according to the practice of his family.” — *Wilks's* South of India. He adds in a note ; — “ The Humma is a fabulous bird. The head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be circled with a crown. The splendid little bird suspended over the throne of Tippoo Sultaun, found at Seringapatam in 1799, was intended to represent this poetical fancy.”

† “ To the pilgrims to Mount Sinai we must attribute the inscriptions, figures, &c. on those rocks, which have from thence acquired the name of the Written Mountain.” — *Volney*.

perhaps, though not so wonderful, who, if not stars over our head, are at least flowers along our path, and whose sweetness of the moment we ought gratefully to inhale, without calling upon them for a brightness and a durability beyond their nature. In short," continued she, blushing, as if conscious of being caught in an oration, "it is quite cruel that a poet cannot wander through his regions of enchantment, without having a critic for ever, like the old Man of the Sea, upon his back!"\*—FADLA-DEEN, it was plain, took this last luckless allusion to himself, and would treasure it up in his mind as a whetstone for his next criticism. A sudden silence ensued; and the Princess,

M. Gebelin and others have been at much pains to attach some mysterious and important meaning to these inscriptions; but Niebuhr, as well as Volney, thinks that they must have been executed at idle hours by the travellers to Mount Sinai, "who were satisfied with cutting the unpolished rock with any pointed instrument; adding to their names and the date of their journeys some rude figures, which bespeak the hand of a people but little skilled in the arts." — *Niebuhr*.

\* The Story of Sinbad.

glancing a look at FERAMORZ, saw plainly she must wait for a more courageous moment.

But the glories of Nature, and her wild, fragrant airs, playing freshly over the current of youthful spirits, will soon heal even deeper wounds than the dull Fadladeens of this world can inflict. In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor, for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion, has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafez compares his mistress's hair\*, to the *Cámalatá*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is scented.† As they sat in

\* See Nott's Hafez, Ode v.

† "The *Cámalatá* (called by Linnæus, *Ipomæa*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the colour and form of its

the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and LALLA ROOKH remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that Flower-loving Nymph whom they worship in the temples of Kathay\*, or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air, who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said hesitatingly that he remembered a Story of a Peri, which, if the Princess

leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are ‘celestial rosy red, Love’s proper hue,’ and have justly procured it the name of Cámalatá, or Love’s Creeper.” — *Sir W. Jones*.

“Cámalatá may also mean a mythological plant, by which all desires are granted to such as inhabit the heaven of Indra; and if ever flower was worthy of paradise, it is our charming Ipomæa.” — *Id.*

\* “According to Father Premare, in his tract on Chinese Mythology, the mother of Fo-hi was the daughter of heaven, surnamed Flower-loving; and as the nymph was walking alone on the bank of a river, she found herself encircled by a rainbow, after which she became pregnant, and, at the end of twelve years, was delivered of a son radiant as herself.” — *Asiat. Res.*



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had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to FADLADEEN, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other:" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar, he thus began:—

## PARADISE AND THE PERI.

ONE morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate ;  
And as she listen'd to the Springs  
    Of Life within, like music flowing,  
And caught the light upon her wings  
    Through the half-open portal glowing,  
She wept to think her recreant race  
Should e'er have lost that glorious place !

“ How happy,” exclaim'd this child of air,  
“ Are the holy Spirits who wander there,  
    “ Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall ;  
“ Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,  
“ And the stars themselves have flowers for me,  
    “ One blossom of Heaven out-blooms them all !

“ Though sunny the Lake of cool CASHMERE,  
“ With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear\*,

\* “ Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cash-

“ And sweetly the founts of that Valley fall;  
“ Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,  
“ And the golden floods that thitherward stray\*,  
“ Yet—oh, ’tis only the Blest can say  
“ How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

“ Go, wing thy flight from star to star,  
“ From world to luminous world, as far  
“ As the universe spreads its flaming wall:  
“ Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
“ And multiply each through endless years,  
“ One minute of Heaven is worth them all!”

The glorious Angel, who was keeping  
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;  
And, as he nearer drew and listen’d  
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten’d  
Within his eyelids, like the spray  
From Eden’s fountain, when it lies

mere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane trees upon it.” — *Foster*.

\* “ The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it.” — *Description of Tibet in Pinkerton*.

On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—  
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.\*

“ Nymph of a fair but erring line ! ”  
Gently he said—“ One hope is thine.  
“ 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,  
“ *The Peri yet may be forgiven*  
“ *Who brings to this Eternal gate*  
“ *The Gift that is most dear to Heaven !*  
“ Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—  
“ 'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in.”

Rapidly as comets run  
To the' embraces of the Sun ;—  
Fleeter than the starry brands  
Flung at night from angel hands†

\* “ The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue campac flowers only in Paradise.” — *Sir W. Jones*. It appears, however, from a curious letter of the Sultan of Menangkabow, given by Marsden, that one place on earth may lay claim to the possession of it. “ This is the Sultan, who keeps the flower champaka that is blue, and to be found in no other country but his, being yellow elsewhere.” — *Marsden's Sumatra*.

† “ The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the fire-brands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when

At those dark and daring sprites  
Who would climb the' empyreal heights,  
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,  
And, lighted earthward by a glance  
That just then broke from morning's eyes,  
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go  
To find this gift for Heav'n? — "I know  
"The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,  
"In which unnumber'd rubies burn,  
"Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR\*;  
"I know where the Isles of Perfume are†  
"Many a fathom down in the sea,  
"To the south of sun-bright ARABY‡;

they approach too near the empyrean or verge of the heavens."  
— *Fryer*.

\* The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there. — *D'Herbelot, Volney*.

† *Diodorus* mentions the Isle of Panchaia, to the south o Arabia Felix, where there was a temple of Jupiter. This island, or rather cluster of isles, has disappeared, "sunk (says *Grandpré*) in the abyss made by the fire beneath their foundations." — *Voyage to the Indian Ocean*.

‡ The Isles of Panchaia.

“ I know, too, where the Genii hid  
“ The jewell’d cup of their King JAMSHID\*,  
“ With Life’s elixir sparkling high—  
“ But gifts like these are not for the sky.  
“ Where was there ever a gem that shone  
“ Like the steps of ALLA’s wonderful Throne?  
“ And the Drops of Life—oh! what would  
they be  
“ In the boundless Deep of Eternity?”

While thus she mus’d, her pinions fann’d  
The air of that sweet Indian land,  
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads  
O’er coral rocks, and amber beds†;  
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam  
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;

\* “ The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis.” — *Richardson*.

† “ It is not like the Sea of India, whose bottom is rich with pearls and ambergris, whose mountains of the coast are stored with gold and precious stones, whose gulfs breed creatures that yield ivory, and among the plants of whose shores are ebony, red wood, and the wood of Hairzan, aloes, camphor, cloves, sandal-wood, and all other spices and aromatics; where parrots and peacocks are birds of the forest, and musk and civet are collected upon the lands.” — *Travels of two Mohammedans*.

Whose rivulets are like rich brides,  
 Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;  
 Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice  
 Might be a Peri's Paradise!  
 But crimson now her rivers ran

With human blood—the smell of death  
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,  
 And man, the sacrifice of man,

Mingled his taint with every breath  
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.  
 Land of the Sun! what foot invades  
 Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades\*—  
 Thy cavern shrines, and Idol stones,  
 Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?†

\* . . . . . in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 About the mother-tree, a *pillar'd shade*,  
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between. MILTON.

For a particular description and plate of the Banyan-tree,  
 see *Cordiner's Ceylon*.

† “With this immense treasure Mamood returned to Ghizni,  
 and in the year 400 prepared a magnificent festival, where  
 he displayed to the people his wealth in golden thrones and in  
 other ornaments, in a great plain without the city of Ghizni.”  
 — *Ferishta*.

'Tis He of GAZNA\*—fierce in wrath  
He comes, and INDIA's diadems  
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—  
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,  
Torn from the violated necks  
Of many a young and lov'd Sultana†;  
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,  
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,  
And choaks up with the glittering wrecks  
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze,  
And, through the war-field's bloody haze  
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,  
Alone beside his native river,—  
The red blade broken in his hand,  
And the last arrow in his quiver.

\* "Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century."—See his History in *Dow* and Sir *J. Malcolm*.

† "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmood was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. iii.



“Live,” said the Conqueror, “live to share  
“The trophies and the crowns I bear!”  
Silent that youthful warrior stood—  
Silent he pointed to the flood  
All crimson with his country’s blood,  
Then sent his last remaining dart,  
For answer, to the’ Invader’s heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;  
The Tyrant liv’d, the Hero fell! —  
Yet mark’d the PERI where he lay,  
And, when the rush of war was past,  
Swiftly descending on a ray  
Of morning light, she caught the last—  
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,  
Before its free-born spirit fled!

“Be this,” she cried, as she wing’d her flight,  
“My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.  
“Though foul are the drops that oft distil  
“On the field of warfare, blood like this,  
“For Liberty shed, so holy is\*,

\* Objections may be made to my use of the word Liberty in this, and more especially in the story that follows it, as

" It would not stain the purest rill,  
" That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss !  
" Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,  
" A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,  
" 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws  
" From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause !"

" Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave  
The gift into his radiant hand,  
" Sweet is our welcome of the Brave  
" Who die thus for their native Land.—  
" But see—alas !—the crystal bar  
" Of Eden moves not—holier far  
" Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,  
" That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee !"

totally inapplicable to any state of things that has ever existed in the East ; but though I cannot, of course, mean to employ it in that enlarged and noble sense which is so well understood at the present day, and, I grieve to say, so little acted upon. yet it is no disparagement to the word to apply it to that national independence, that freedom from the interference and dictation of foreigners, without which, indeed, no liberty of any kind can exist ; and for which both Hindoos and Persians fought against their Mussulman invaders with, in many cases, a bravery that deserved much better success.

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,  
 Now among AFRIC'S lunar Mountains\*,  
 Far to the South, the PERI lighted;  
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains  
 Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth  
 Is hidden from the sons of earth  
 Deep in those solitary woods,  
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods  
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,  
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile.†  
 Thence over EGYPT'S palmy groves,  
 Her grots, and sepulchres of Kings‡,  
 The exil'd Spirit sighing roves;

\* "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."  
 — Bruce.

"Sometimes called," says Jackson, "Jibbel Kumrie, or the white or lunar coloured mountains; so a white horse is called by the Arabians a moon-coloured horse."

† "The Nile, which the Abyssinians know by the names of Abey and Alawy, or the Giant." — *Asiat. Research.* vol. i. p. 387.

‡ See Perry's View of the Levant for an account of the sepulchres in Upper Thebes, and the numberless grots, covered all over with hieroglyphics in the mountains of Upper Egypt.

And now hangs listening to the doves  
In warm ROSETTA's vale\*—now loves  
To watch the moonlight on the wings  
Of the white pelicans that break  
The azure calm of MÆRIS' Lake.†  
'Twas a fair scene—a Land more bright  
Never did mortal eye behold!  
Who could have thought, that saw this night  
Those valleys and their fruits of gold  
Basking in Heav'n's serenest light;—  
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending  
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,  
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending  
Warns them to their silken beds‡;—  
Those virgin lilies, all the night  
Bathing their beauties in the lake,  
That they may rise more fresh and bright,  
When their beloved Sun's awake;—

\* "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."  
—*Sonnini*.

† Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mæris.

‡ "The superb date-tree, whose head languidly reclines,  
like that of a handsome woman overcome with sleep."—*Dafard el Hadad*.

Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem  
The relics of a splendid dream ;

Amid whose fairy loneliness  
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,  
Nought seen but (when the shadows, flitting  
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam,)   
Some purple-wing'd Sultana\* sitting

Upon a column, motionless  
And glittering like an Idol bird !—  
Who could have thought, that there, ev'n there,  
Amid those scenes so still and fair,  
The Demon of the Plague hath cast  
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,  
More mortal far than ever came  
From the red Desert's sands of flame !  
So quick, that every living thing  
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,  
Like plants, where the Simoom hath past,  
At once falls black and withering !

\* “ That beautiful bird, with plumage of the finest shining blue, with purple beak and legs, the natural and living ornament of the temples and palaces of the Greeks and Romans, which, from the stateliness of its port, as well as the brilliancy of its colours, has obtained the title of Sultana.” — *Sonnini*.

The sun went down on many a brow,  
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,  
Is rankling in the pest-house now,  
And ne'er will feel that sun again.  
And, oh ! to see the' unburied heaps  
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps —  
The very vultures turn away,  
And sicken at so foul a prey !  
Only the fierce hyæna stalks\*  
Throughout the city's desolate walks†  
At midnight, and his carnage plies :—  
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets  
The glaring of those large blue eyes‡  
Amid the darkness of the streets !

\* Jackson, speaking of the plague that occurred in West Barbary, when he was there, says, "The birds of the air fled away from the abodes of men. The hyænas, on the contrary, visited the cemeteries," &c.

† "Gondar was full of hyænas from the time it turned dark, till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses, which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial, and who firmly believe that these animals are Falashta from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." — *Bruce*.

‡ *Bruce*.

“ Poor race of men ! ” said the pitying Spirit,

“ Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—

“ Some flow’rets of Eden ye still inherit,

“ But the trail of the Serpent is over them all ! ”

She wept—the air grew puré and clear

Around her, as the bright drops ran ;

For there’s a magic in each tear,

Such kindly Spirits weep for man !

Just then beneath some orange trees,

Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze

Were wantoning together, free,

Like age at play with infancy—

Beneath that fresh and springing bower,

Close by the Lake, she heard the moan

Of one who, at this silent hour,

Had thither stol’n to die alone.

One who in life where’er he mov’d,

Drew after him the hearts of many ;

Yet now, as though he ne’er were lov’d,

Dies here unseen, unwept by any !

None to watch near him—none to slake

The fire that in his bosom lies,

With ev’n a sprinkle from that lake,

Which shines so cool before his eyes.

No voice, well known through many a day,  
To speak the last, the parting word,  
Which, when all other sounds decay,  
Is still like distant music heard ; —  
That tender farewell on the shore  
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,  
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark  
Puts off into the unknown Dark.

Deserted youth ! one thought alone  
Shed joy around his soul in death —  
That she, whom he for years had known,  
And lov'd, and might have call'd his own  
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath, —  
Safe in her father's princely halls,  
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,  
Freshly perfum'd by many a brand  
Of the sweet wood from India's land,  
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see — who yonder comes by stealth\*,  
This melancholy bower to seek,

\* This circumstance has been often introduced into poetry ;



Like a young envoy, sent by Health,  
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?  
'Tis she — far off, through moonlight dim  
He knew his own betrothed bride,  
She, who would rather die with him,  
Than live to gain the world beside! —  
Her arms are round her lover now,  
His livid cheek to hers she presses,  
And dips, to bind his burning brow,  
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.  
Ah! once, how little did he think  
An hour would come, when he should shrink  
With horror from that dear embrace,  
Those gentle arms, that were to him  
Holy as is the cradling place  
Of Eden's infant cherubim!  
And now he yields — now turns away,  
Shuddering as if the venom lay  
All in those proffer'd lips alone —  
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,  
Never until that instant came  
Near his unask'd or without shame.

— by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

- “ Oh ! let me only breathe the air,  
“ The blessed air, that’s breath’d by thee,  
“ And, whether on its wings it bear  
“ Healing or death, ’tis sweet to me !  
“ There—drink my tears, while yet they fall—  
“ Would that my bosom’s blood were balm,  
“ And, well thou know’st, I’d shed it all,  
“ To give thy brow one minute’s calm.  
“ Nay, turn not from me that dear face—  
“ Am I not thine — thy own lov’d bride—  
“ The one, the chosen one, whose place  
“ In life or death is by thy side ?  
“ Think’st thou that she, whose only light,  
“ In this dim world, from thee hath shone,  
“ Could bear the long, the cheerless night,  
“ That must be hers when thou art gone ?  
“ That I can live, and let thee go,  
“ Who art my life itself ? — No, no —  
“ When the stem dies, the leaf that grew  
“ Out of its heart must perish too !  
“ Then turn to me, my own love, turn,  
“ Before, like thee, I fade and burn ;  
“ Cling to these yet cool lips, and share  
“ The last pure life that lingers there ! ”

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp  
In charnel airs, or cavern-damp,  
So quickly do his baleful sighs  
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.  
One struggle—and his pain is past—  
Her lover is no longer living!  
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,  
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

“Sleep,” said the PERI, as softly she stole  
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,  
As true as e’er warm’d a woman’s breast—  
“Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,  
“In balmier airs than ever yet stirr’d  
“The’ enchanted pile of that lonely bird,  
“Who sings at the last his own death-lay\*,  
“And in music and perfume dies away!”

\* “In the East, they suppose the Phoenix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself.”—*Richardson*.

Thus saying, from her lips she spread  
Unearthly breathings through the place,  
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed  
Such lustre o'er each paly face,  
That like two lovely saints they seem'd,  
Upon the eve of doomsday taken  
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping ;  
While that benevolent PERI beam'd  
Like their good angel, calmly keeping  
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky ;  
Again the PERI soars above,  
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh  
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.  
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,  
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,  
For the bright Spirit at the gate  
Smil'd as she gave that offering in ;  
And she already hears the trees  
Of Eden, with their crystal bells  
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze  
That from the throne of ALLA swells ;

And she can see the starry bowls  
That lie around that lucid lake,  
Upon whose banks admitted Souls  
Their first sweet draught of glory take!\*

But, ah! even PERIS' hopes are vain—  
Again the Fates forbade, again  
The' immortal barrier clos'd—"Not yet,"  
The Angel said as, with regret,  
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—  
"True was the maiden, and her story,  
"Written in light o'er ALLA's head,  
"By seraph eyes shall long be read.  
"But, PERI, see—the crystal bar  
"Of Eden moves not—holier far  
"Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be  
"That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA's land of roses†  
Softly the light of Eve reposes,

\* "On the shores of a quadrangular lake stand a thousand goblets, made of stars, out of which souls predestined to enjoy felicity drink the crystal wave."—From *Chateaubriand's Description of the Mahometan Paradise*, in his *Beauties of Christianity*.

† Richardson thinks that Syria had its name from Suri, a

And, like a glory, the broad sun  
Hangs over sainted LEBANON ;  
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
And whitens with eternal sleet,  
While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one, who look'd from upper air  
O'er all the' enchanted regions there,  
How beauteous must have been the glow,  
The life, the sparkling from below !  
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
Of golden melons on their banks,  
More golden where the sun-light falls ;—  
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls\*  
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright  
As they were all alive with light ;  
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,

beautiful and delicate species of rose, for which that country has been always famous ; — hence, Suristan, the Land of Roses.

\* “ The number of lizards I saw one day in the great court of the Temple of the Sun at Balbec amounted to many thousands ; the ground, the walls, and stones of the ruined buildings, were covered with them.” — *Bruce*.

With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
Variously in the crimson beam  
Of the warm West,—as if inlaid  
With brilliants from the mine, or made  
Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
The' unclouded skies of PERISTAN.  
And then the mingling sounds that come,  
Of shepherd's ancient reed\*, with hum  
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE †,  
    Banquetting through the flowery vales ;  
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,  
    And woods, so full of nightingales. ‡

But nought can charm the luckless PERI ;  
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—  
Joyless she sees the Sun look down  
On that great Temple, once his own §,

\* “ The Syrinx or Pan's pipe is still a pastoral instrument in Syria.” — *Russel*.

† “ Wild bees, frequent in Palestine, in hollow trunks or branches of trees, and the clefts of rocks. Thus it is said (Psalm lxxxi.), ‘honey out of the stony rock.’” — *Burder's Oriental Customs*.

‡ “ The river Jordan is on both sides beset with little, thick, and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble all together.” — *Thevenot*.

§ The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

Whose lonely columns stand sublime,  
    Flinging their shadows from on high,  
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,  
    Had rais'd to count his ages by !

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd  
    Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,  
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd  
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd  
    With the great name of SOLOMON,  
    Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,  
May teach her where, beneath the moon,  
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,  
The charm, that can restore so soon  
    An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither ;—  
    Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,  
    Nor have the golden bowers of Even  
In the rich West begun to wither ;—  
When, o'er the vale of BALBEC winging  
    Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,  
    As rosy and as wild as they ;



Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,  
The beautiful blue-damsel flies\*,  
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,  
Like winged flowers or flying gems :—  
And, near the boy, who tir'd with play  
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
She saw a wearied man dismount

From his hot steed, and on the brink  
Of a small imaret's rustic fount†

Impatient fling him down to drink.  
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
Upon a brow more fierce than that, —  
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;  
In which the PERI's eye could read  
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;

\* “ You behold there a considerable number of a remarkable species of beautiful insects, the elegance of whose appearance and their attire procured for them the name of Damsels.” — *Sonnini*.

† Imaret, “ hospice où on loge et nourrit, gratis, les pèlerins pendant trois jours.” — *Toderini*, translated by the *Abbé de Courmand*. — See also *Castellan's Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. v. p. 145.

The ruin'd maid—the shrine profan'd—  
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd  
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,  
Black as the damning drops that fall  
From the denouncing Angel's pen,  
Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime  
(As if the balmy evening time  
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,  
Watching the rosy infant's play :—  
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance  
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance  
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,  
As torches, that have burnt all night  
Through some impure and godless rite,  
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark ! the vesper call to prayer,  
As slow the orb of daylight sets,  
Is rising sweetly on the air,  
From SYRIA's thousand minarets !  
The boy has started from the bed  
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,

And down upon the fragrant sod  
Kneels\*, with his forehead to the south,  
Lisping the' eternal name of God  
From Purity's own cherub mouth,  
And looking, while his hands and eyes  
Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
And seeking for its home again.

\* "Such Turks as at the common hours of prayer are on the road, or so employed as not to find convenience to attend the mosques, are still obliged to execute that duty; nor are they ever known to fail, whatever business they are then about, but pray immediately when the hour alarms them, whatever they are about, in that very place they chance to stand on; insomuch that when a janissary, whom you have to guard you up and down the city, hears the notice which is given him from the steeples, he will turn about, stand still, and beckon with his hand, to tell his charge he must have patience for awhile; when, taking out his handkerchief, he spreads it on the ground, sits cross-legged thereupon, and says his prayers, though in the open market, which, having ended, he leaps briskly up, salutes the person whom he undertook to convey, and renews his journey with the mild expression of *Ghell gohnum ghell*, or Come, dear, follow me." — *Auron Hill's Travels*.

Oh! 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—  
A scene, which might have well beguil'd  
Ev'n haughty EBLIS of a sigh  
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man  
Reclining there—while memory ran  
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.  
“There *was* a time,” he said, in mild,  
Heart-humbled tones—“thou blessed child!  
“When, young and haply pure as thou,  
“I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—”  
He hung his head—each nobler aim,  
And hope, and feeling, which had slept  
From boyhood's hour, that instant came  
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!  
In whose benign, redeeming flow  
Is felt the first, the only sense  
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

“ There’s a drop,” said the PERI, “ that down from  
the moon

“ Falls through the withering airs of June

“ Upon EGYPT’S land\*, of so healing a power,

“ So balmy a virtue, that ev’n in the hour

“ That drop descends, contagion dies,

“ And health re-animates earth and skies ! —

“ Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

“ The precious tears of repentance fall ?

“ Though foul thy fiery plagues within,

“ One heavenly drop hath dispell’d them all ! ”

And now — behold him kneeling there

By the child’s side, in humble prayer,

While the same sunbeam shines upon

The guilty and the guiltless one,

And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven

The triumph of a Soul Forgiven !

’Twas when the golden orb had set,

While on their knees they linger’d yet,

\* The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John’s day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

There fell a light more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star,  
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,  
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.  
To mortal eye this light might seem  
A northern flash or meteor beam—  
But well the' enraptur'd PERI knew  
Twas a bright smile the Angel threw  
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear  
Her harbinger of glory near !

“ Joy, joy for ever ! my task is done —

“ The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won !

“ Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am —

“ To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad

“ Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM\*,

“ And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD !

“ Farewell, ye odours of Earth, that die

“ Passing away like a lover's sigh ;—

\* The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

“ My feast is now of the Tooba Tree\*,

“ Whose scent is the breath of Eternity !

“ Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone

“ In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief;—

“ Oh ! what are the brightest that e’er have blown,

“ To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA’S throne†,

“ Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.

“ Joy, joy for ever !—my task is done—

“ The Gates are pass’d, and Heav’n is won !”

\* The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Salé’s Prelim. Disc.* — Tooba, says *D’Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

† Mahomet is described, in the 53d chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel “by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode.” This tree, says the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

“AND this,” said the Great Chamberlain, “is poetry! this flimsy manufacture of the brain, which, in comparison with the lofty and durable monuments of genius, is as the gold filigree-work of Zamara beside the eternal architecture of Egypt!” After this gorgeous sentence, which, with a few more of the same kind, FADLADEEN kept by him for rare and important occasions, he proceeded to the anatomy of the short poem just recited. The lax and easy kind of metre in which it was written ought to be denounced, he said, as one of the leading causes of the alarming growth of poetry in our times. If some check were not given to this lawless facility, we should soon be over-run by a race of bards as numerous and as shallow as the hundred and twenty thousand Streams of Basra.\* They who succeeded in this style

\* “It is said that the rivers or streams of Basra were reckoned in the time of Pelal ben Abi Bordeh, and amounted to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand streams.”  
—*Ebn Haukal*.



deserved chastisement for their very success ; — as warriors have been punished, even after gaining a victory, because they had taken the liberty of gaining it in an irregular or unestablished manner. What, then, was to be said to those who failed ? to those who presumed, as in the present lamentable instance, to imitate the license and ease of the bolder sons of song, without any of that grace or vigour which gave a dignity even to negligence ; — who, like them, flung the jereed\* carelessly, but not, like them, to the mark ; — “ and who,” said he, raising his voice to excite a proper degree of wakefulness in his hearers, “ contrive to appear heavy and constrained in the midst of all the latitude they allow themselves, like one of those young pagans that dance before the Princess, who is ingenious enough to move as if her limbs were fettered, in a pair of the lightest and loosest drawers of Masulipatam !”

\* The name of the javelin with which the Easterns exercise.  
See *Castellan, Mœurs des Othomans*, tom. iii. p. 161.

It was but little suitable, he continued, to the grave march of criticism to follow this fantastical Peri, of whom they had just heard, through all her flights and adventures between earth and heaven; but he could not help adverting to the puerile conceitedness of the Three Gifts which she is supposed to carry to the skies,—a drop of blood, forsooth, a sigh, and a tear! How the first of these articles was delivered into the Angel's "radiant hand" he professed himself at a loss to discover; and as to the safe carriage of the sigh and the tear, such Peris and such poets were beings by far too incomprehensible for him even to guess how they managed such matters. "But, in short," said he, "it is a waste of time and patience to dwell longer upon a thing so incurably frivolous,—puny even among its own puny race, and such as only the Banyan Hospital\* for Sick Insects should undertake."

\* "This account excited a desire of visiting the Banyan Hospital, as I had heard much of their benevolence to all

In vain did LALLA ROOKH try to soften this inexorable critic; in vain did she resort to her most eloquent common-places,—reminding him that poets were a timid and sensitive race, whose sweetness was not to be drawn forth, like that of the fragrant grass near the Ganges, by crushing and trampling upon them\*;—that severity often extinguished every chance of the perfection which it demanded; and that, after all, perfection was like the Mountain of the Talisman,—no one had ever yet reached its summit.† Neither these gentle axioms, nor

kinds of animals that were either sick, lame, or infirm, through age or accident. On my arrival, there were presented to my view many horses, cows, and oxen, in one apartment; in another, dogs, sheep, goats, and monkeys, with clean straw for them to repose on. Above stairs were depositories for seeds of many sorts, and flat, broad dishes for water, for the use of birds and insects.” — *Parsons's Travels*.

It is said that all animals know the Banyans, that the most timid approach them, and that birds will fly nearer to them than to other people. — See *Grandpré*.

\* “A very fragrant grass from the banks of the Ganges, near Heridwar, which in some places covers whole acres, and diffuses, when crushed, a strong odour.” — *Sir W. Jones* on the Spikenard of the Ancients.

† “Near this is a curious hill, called Koh Talism, the

the still gentler looks with which they were inculcated, could lower for one instant the elevation of FADLADEEN's eyebrows, or charm him into any thing like encouragement, or even toleration, of her poet. Toleration, indeed, was not among the weaknesses of FADLADEEN : —he carried the same spirit into matters of poetry and of religion, and, though little versed in the beauties or sublimities of either, was a perfect master of the art of persecution in both. His zeal was the same, too, in either pursuit; whether the game before him was pagans or poetasters, — worshippers of cows, or writers of epics.

They had now arrived at the splendid city of Lahore, whose mausoleums and shrines, magnificent and numberless, where Death appeared to share equal honours with Heaven, would have

Mountain of the Talisman, because, according to the traditions of the country, no person ever succeeded in gaining its summit." — *Kinneir*.

powerfully affected the heart and imagination of LALLA ROOKH, if feelings more of this earth had not taken entire possession of her already. She was here met by messengers, despatched from Cashmere, who informed her that the King had arrived in the Valley, and was himself superintending the sumptuous preparations that were then making in the Saloons of the Shalimar for her reception. The chill she felt on receiving this intelligence,—which to a bride whose heart was free and light would have brought only images of affection and pleasure,—convinced her that her peace was gone for ever, and that she was in love, irretrievably in love, with young FERAMORZ. The veil had fallen off in which this passion at first disguises itself, and to know that she loved was now as painful as to love *without* knowing it had been delicious. FERAMORZ, too,—what misery would be his, if the sweet hours of intercourse so imprudently allowed them should have stolen into his heart the same fatal fascination as into hers;—if,

notwithstanding her rank, and the modest homage he always paid to it, even *he* should have yielded to the influence of those long and happy interviews, where music, poetry, the delightful scenes of nature,—all had tended to bring their hearts close together, and to waken by every means that too ready passion, which often, like the young of the desert-bird, is warmed into life by the eyes alone!\* She saw but one way to preserve herself from being culpable as well as unhappy, and this, however painful, she was resolved to adopt. FERAMORZ must no more be admitted to her presence. To have strayed so far into the dangerous labyrinth was wrong, but to linger in it, while the clue was yet in her hand, would be criminal. Though the heart she had to offer to the King of Bucharia might be cold and broken, it should at least be pure; and she must only endeavour to forget the short dream of happiness she had

\* “The Arabians believe that the ostriches hatch their young by only looking at them.”—*P. Vanslebe, Relat. d’Egypte.*

enjoyed,—like that Arabian shepherd, who, in wandering into the wilderness, caught a glimpse of the Gardens of Irim, and then lost them again for ever!\*

The arrival of the young Bride at Lahore was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Rajas and Omras in her train, who had kept at a certain distance during the journey, and never encamped nearer to the Princess than was strictly necessary for her safeguard, here rode in splendid cavalcade through the city, and distributed the most costly presents to the crowd. Engines were erected in all the squares, which cast forth showers of confectionary among the people; while the artisans, in chariots† adorned with tinsel and flying streamers, exhibited the badges of their respective trades through the streets. Such brilliant displays of life and pageantry among the palaces, and domes, and gilded minarets of Lahore, made

\* See *Sale's Koran*, note, vol. ii. p. 484.

† *Oriental Tales*.

the city altogether like a place of enchantment ; — particularly on the day when LALLA ROOKH set out again upon her journey, when she was accompanied to the gate by all the fairest and richest of the nobility, and rode along between ranks of beautiful boys and girls, who kept waving over their heads plates of gold and silver flowers \*, and then threw them around to be gathered by the populace.

For many days after their departure from Lahore, a considerable degree of gloom hung over the whole party. LALLA ROOKH, who had intended to make illness her excuse for not admitting the young minstrel, as usual, to the pavilion, soon found that to feign indisposition was unnecessary ;—FADLADEEN felt the loss of the good road they had hitherto travelled,

\* Ferishta. “ Or rather,” says *Scott*, upon the passage of Ferishta, from which this is taken, “ small coins, stamped with the figure of a flower. They are still used in India to distribute in charity, and, on occasion, thrown by the purse-bearers of the great among the populace.”



and was very near cursing Jehan-Guire (of blessed memory!) for not having continued his delectable alley of trees\*, at least as far as the mountains of Cashmere;—while the Ladies, who had nothing now to do all day but to be fanned by peacocks' feathers and listen to FAD-LADEEN, seemed heartily weary of the life they led, and, in spite of all the Great Chamberlain's criticisms, were so tasteless as to wish for the poet again. One evening, as they were proceeding to their place of rest for the night, the Princess, who, for the freer enjoyment of the air, had mounted her favourite Arabian palfrey, in passing by a small grove heard the notes of a lute from within its leaves, and a voice, which she but too well knew, singing the following words:—

\* The fine road made by the Emperor Jehan-Guire from Agra to Lahore, planted with trees on each side. This road is 250 leagues in length. It has "little pyramids or turrets," says *Bernier*, "erected every half league, to mark the ways, and frequent wells to afford drink to passengers, and to water the young trees."

TELL me not of joys above,  
If that world can give no bliss,  
Truer, happier than the Love  
Which enslaves our souls in this.

Tell me not of Houris' eyes ;—  
Far from me their dangerous glow,  
If those looks that light the skies  
Would like some that burn below.

Who, that feels what Love is here,  
All its falsehood— all its pain—  
Would, for ev'n Elysium's sphere,  
Risk the fatal dream again ?

Who, that midst a desert's heat  
Sees the waters fade away,  
Would not rather die than meet  
Streams again as false as they ?

The tone of melancholy defiance in which these words were uttered, went to LALLA ROOKH's heart ;—and, as she reluctantly rode on, she could not help feeling it to be a sad but still

sweet certainty, that FERAMORZ was to the full as enamoured and miserable as herself.

The place where they encamped that evening was the first delightful spot they had come to since they left Lahore. On one side of them was a grove full of small Hindoo temples, and planted with the most graceful trees of the East; where the tamarind, the cassia, and the silken plantains of Ceylon were mingled in rich contrast with the high fan-like foliage of the Palmyra,—that favourite tree of the luxurious bird that lights up the chambers of its nest with fire-flies.\* In the middle of the lawn where the pavilion stood there was a tank surrounded by small mangoe-trees, on the clear cold waters of which floated multitudes of the beautiful red lotus†; while at a distance stood

\* The Baya, or Indian Gross-beak. — *Sir W. Jones.*

† “Here is a large pagoda by a tank, on the water of which float multitudes of the beautiful red lotus: the flower is larger than that of the white water-lily, and is the most lovely of the nymphæas I have seen.” — *Mrs. Graham's Journal of a Residence in India.*

the ruins of a strange and awful-looking tower, which seemed old enough to have been the temple of some religion no longer known, and which spoke the voice of desolation in the midst of all that bloom and loveliness. This singular ruin excited the wonder and conjectures of all. LALLA ROOKH guessed in vain, and the all-pretending FADLADEEN, who had never till this journey been beyond the precincts of Delhi, was proceeding most learnedly to show that he knew nothing whatever about the matter, when one of the Ladies suggested that perhaps FERAMORZ could satisfy their curiosity. They were now approaching his native mountains, and this tower might perhaps be a relic of some of those dark superstitions, which had prevailed in that country before the light of Islam dawned upon it. The Chamberlain, who usually preferred his own ignorance to the best knowledge that any one else could give him, was by no means pleased with this officious reference; and the Princess, too, was

about to interpose a faint word of objection, but, before either of them could speak, a slave was despatched for FERAMORZ, who, in a very few minutes, made his appearance before them — looking so pale and unhappy in LALLA ROOKH's eyes, that she repented already of her cruelty in having so long excluded him.

That venerable tower, he told them, was the remains of an ancient Fire-Temple, built by those Ghebers or Persians of the old religion, who, many hundred years since, had fled hither from their Arab conquerors\*, preferring liberty and their altars in a foreign land to the alternative of apostasy or persecution in their own. It was impossible, he added, not to feel interested in the many glorious but unsuccessful struggles, which had been made by these ori-

†

\* “ On les voit persécutés par les Khalifes se retirer dans les montagnes du Kerman : plusieurs choisirent pour retraite la Tartarie et la Chine ; d'autres s'arrêtèrent sur les bords du Gange, à l'est de Delhi.” — *M. Anquetil*, *Mémoires de l'Académie*, tom. xxxi. p. 346.

ginal natives of Persia to cast off the yoke of their bigoted conquerors. Like their own Fire in the Burning Field at Bakou\*, when suppressed in one place, they had but broken out with fresh flame in another; and, as a native of Cashmere, of that fair and Holy Valley, which had in the same manner become the prey of strangers†, and seen her ancient shrines and native princes swept away before the march of her intolerant invaders, he felt a sympathy, he owned, with the sufferings of the persecuted Ghebers, which every monument like this before them but tended more powerfully to awaken.

It was the first time that FERAMORZ had ever

\* The "Ager ardens" described by *Kempfer, Amœnitat. Exot.*

† "Cashmere (says its historians) had its own princes 4000 years before its conquest by Akbar in 1585. Akbar would have found some difficulty to reduce this paradise of the Indies, situated as it is within such a fortress of mountains, but its monarch, Yusef-Khan, was basely betrayed by his Omrahs." — *Pennant.*

ventured upon so much *prose* before FADLA-DEEN, and it may easily be conceived what effect such prose as this must have produced upon that most orthodox and most pagan-hating personage. He sat for some minutes aghast, ejaculating only at intervals, "Bigoted conquerors!—sympathy with Fire-worshippers!"\*—while FERAMORZ, happy to take advantage of this almost speechless horror of the Chamberlain, proceeded to say that he knew a melancholy story, connected with the events of one of those struggles of the brave Fire-worshippers against their Arab masters, which, if the evening was not too far advanced, he should have much pleasure in being allowed to relate to the Princess. It was impossible for LALLA ROOKH to refuse;—he had never before looked half so animated; and when he spoke of the Holy Valley his eyes had sparkled, she thought,

\* Voltaire tells us that in his Tragedy, "Les Guebres," he was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists. I should not be surprised if this story of the Fire-worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application.

like the talismanic characters on the scimitar of Solomon. Her consent was therefore most readily granted; and while FADLADEEN sat in unspeakable dismay, expecting treason and abomination in every line, the poet thus began his story of the Fire-worshippers:—



## THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

'Tis moonlight over OMAN'S SEA \* ;

Her banks of pearl and palmy isles

Bask in the night-beam beauteously,

And her blue waters sleep in smiles.

'Tis moonlight in HARMOZIA'S † walls,

And through her EMIR'S porphyry halls,

Where, some hours since, was heard the swell

Of trumpet and the clash of zel ‡,

Bidding the bright-eyed sun farewell ; —

The peaceful sun, whom better suits

The music of the bulbul's nest,

Or the light touch of lovers' lutes,

To sing him to his golden rest.

All hush'd — there's not a breeze in motion ;

The shore is silent as the ocean.

\* The Persian Gulf, sometimes so called, which separates the shores of Persia and Arabia.

† The present Gombároon, a town on the Persian side of the Gulf.

‡ A Moorish instrument of music.

If zephyrs come, so light they come,  
Nor leaf is stirr'd nor wave is driven ; —  
The wind-tower on the EMIR's dome \*  
Can hardly win a breath from heaven.

Ev'n he, that tyrant Arab, sleeps  
Calm, while a nation round him weeps ;  
While curses load the air he breathes,  
And falchions from unnumber'd sheaths  
Are starting to avenge the shame  
His race hath brought on IRAN's † name.  
Hard, heartless Chief, unmov'd alike  
Mid eyes that weep, and swords that strike ; —  
One of that saintly, murderous brood,  
To carnage and the Koran given,  
Who think through unbelievers' blood  
Lies their directest path to heaven ; —  
One, who will pause and kneel unshod  
In the warm blood his hand hath pour'd,

\* “ At Gombaroon and other places in Persia, they have towers for the purpose of catching the wind, and cooling the houses.” — *Le Bruyn*.

† “ Iran is the true general name for the empire of Persia.” — *Asiat. Res. Disc. 5*.

To mutter o'er some text of God  
Engraven on his reeking sword \*; —  
Nay, who can cocolly note the line,  
The letter of those words divine,  
To which his blade, with searching art,  
Had sunk into its victim's heart!

Just ALLA! what must be thy look,  
When such a wretch before thee stands  
Unblushing, with thy Sacred Book, —  
Turning the leaves with blood-stain'd hands,  
And wresting from its page sublime  
His creed of lust, and hate, and crime; —  
Ev'n as those bees of TREBIZOND,  
Which, from the sunniest flowers that glad  
With their pure smile the gardens round,  
Draw venom forth that drives men mad. †

Never did fierce ARABIA send  
A satrap forth more direly great;

\* "On the blades of their scimitars some verse from the Koran is usually inscribed." — *Russel*.

† "There is a kind of *Rhododendros* about Trebizond, whose flowers the bee feeds upon, and the honey thence drives people mad." — *Tournefort*.

Never was IRAN doom'd to bend  
    Beneath a yoke of deadlier weight.  
Her throne had fall'n — her pride was crush'd —  
Her sons were willing slaves, nor blush'd,  
In their own land, — no more their own, —  
To crouch beneath a stranger's throne.  
Her towers, where MITHRA once had burn'd,  
To Moslem shrines — oh shame! — were turn'd,  
Where slaves, converted by the sword,  
Their mean, apostate worship pour'd,  
And curs'd the faith their sires ador'd.  
Yet has she hearts, mid all this ill,  
O'er all this wreck high buoyant still  
With hope and vengeance; — hearts that yet —  
    Like gems, in darkness, issuing rays  
They've treasur'd from the sun that's set, —  
    Beam all the light of long-lost days!  
And swords she hath, nor weak nor slow  
    To second all such hearts can dare;  
As he shall know, well, dearly know,  
    Who sleeps in moonlight luxury there,  
Tranquil as if his spirit lay  
Becalm'd in Heav'n's approving ray.

Sleep on — for purer eyes than thine  
Those waves are hush'd, those planets shine;  
Sleep on, and be thy rest unmov'd  
By the white moonbeam's dazzling power; —  
None but the loving and the lov'd  
Should be awake at this sweet hour.

And see — where, high above those rocks  
That o'er the deep their shadows fling,  
Yon turret stands; — where ebon locks,  
As glossy as a heron's wing  
Upon the turban of a king\*,  
Hang from the lattice, long and wild, —  
'Tis she, that EMIR's blooming child,  
All truth and tenderness and grace,  
Though born of such ungentle race; —  
An image of Youth's radiant Fountain  
Springing in a desolate mountain! †

Oh what a pure and sacred thing  
Is Beauty, curtain'd from the sight

\* " Their kings wear plumes of black herons' feathers upon the right side, as a badge of sovereignty." — *Hanway*.

† " The Fountain of Youth, by a Mahometan tradition, is situated in some dark region of the East." — *Richardson*.

Of the gross world, illumining  
One only mansion with her light !  
Unseen by man's disturbing eye, —  
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,  
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie  
Hid in more chaste obscurity.  
So, HINDA, have thy face and mind,  
Like holy mysteries, lain enshrin'd.  
And oh, what transport for a lover  
To lift the veil that shades them o'er ! —  
Like those who, all at once, discover  
In the lone deep some fairy shore,  
Where mortal never trod before,  
And sleep and wake in scented airs  
No lip had ever breath'd but theirs.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,  
On summer-eves, through YEMEN's \* dales,  
And bright the glancing looks they hide  
Behind their litters' roseate veils ; —  
And brides, as delicate and fair  
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,

\* Arabia Felix.

Hath YEMEN in her blissful clime,  
 Who, lull'd in cool kiosk or bower\*,  
 Before their mirrors count the time †,  
 And grow still lovelier every hour.  
 But never yet hath bride or maid  
 In ARABY's gay Haram smil'd,  
 Whose boasted brightness would not fade  
 Before AL HASSAN's blooming child.

\* "In the midst of the garden is the chiosk, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles, make a sort of green wall; large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures." — *Lady M. W. Montagu*.

† The women of the East are never without their looking-glasses. "In Barbary," says *Shaw*, "they are so fond of their looking-glasses, which they hang upon their breasts, that they will not lay them aside, even when after the drudgery of the day they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goat's skin to fetch water." — *Travels*.

In other parts of Asia they wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. "Hence (and from the lotus being considered the emblem of beauty) is the meaning of the following mute intercourse of two lovers before their parents: —

"He with salute of deference due,  
 A lotus to his forehead prest;  
 She rais'd her mirror to his view,  
 Then turn'd it inward to her breast."

*Asiatic Miscellany*, vol. ii.

Light as the angel shapes that bless  
An infant's dream, yet not the less  
Rich in all woman's loveliness ; —  
With eyes so pure, that from their ray  
Dark Vice would turn abash'd away,  
Blinded like serpents, when they gaze  
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze\* ; —  
Yet fill'd with all youth's sweet desires,  
Mingling the meek and vestal fires  
Of other worlds with all the bliss,  
The fond, weak tenderness of this :  
A soul, too, more than half divine,  
Where, through some shades of earthly  
feeling,  
Religion's soften'd glories shine,  
Like light through summer foliage stealing,  
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,  
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,  
As makes the very darkness there  
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

\* " They say that if a snake or serpent fix his eyes on the lustre of those stones (emeralds), he immediately becomes blind."  
— *Ahmed ben Abdalaziz*, Treatise on Jewels.



Such is the maid who, at this hour,  
Hath risen from her restless sleep,  
And sits alone in that high bower,  
Watching the still and shining deep.  
Ah! 'twas not thus, — with tearful eyes  
And beating heart, — she us'd to gaze  
On the magnificent earth and skies,  
In her own land, in happier days.  
Why looks she now so anxious down  
Among those rocks, whose rugged frown  
Blackens the mirror of the deep?  
Whom waits she all this lonely night  
Too rough the rocks, too bold the steep,  
For man to scale that turret's height! —

So deem'd at least her thoughtful sire,  
When high, to catch the cool night-air,  
After the day-beam's withering fire\*,  
He built her bower of freshness there,  
And had it deck'd with costliest skill,  
And fondly thought it safe as fair: —

\* " At Gombaroon and the Isle of Ormus it is sometimes so hot, that the people are obliged to lie all day in the water."  
— *Marco Polo*.

Think, reverend dreamer ! think so still,  
Nor wake to learn what Love can dare ; —  
Love, all-defying Love, who sees  
No charm in trophies won with ease ; —  
Whose rarest, dearest fruits of bliss  
Are pluck'd on Danger's precipice !  
Bolder than they, who dare not dive  
For pearls, but when the sea's at rest,  
Love, in the tempest most alive,  
Hath ever held that pearl the best  
He finds beneath the stormiest water.  
Yes — ARABY'S unrivall'd daughter,  
Though high that tower, that rock-way rude,  
There's one who, but to kiss thy cheek,  
Would climb the' untrodden solitude  
Of ARARAT's tremendous peak\*,

\* This mountain is generally supposed to be inaccessible. *Struy* says, "I can well assure the reader that their opinion is not true, who suppose this mount to be inaccessible." He adds, that "the lower part of the mountain is cloudy, misty, and dark, the middlemost part very cold, and like clouds of snow, but the upper regions perfectly calm." — It was on this mountain that the Ark was supposed to have rested after the Deluge, and part of it, they say, exists there still, which *Struy* thus gravely accounts for : — "Whereas none can remember that the air on the top of the hill did ever change or was subject either to wind or rain, which is presumed to be the reason that the Ark has endured so long without being rotten."

And think its steep, though dark and dread,  
Heav'n's pathways, if to thee they led !  
Ev'n now thou seest the flashing spray,  
That lights his oar's impatient way ; —  
Ev'n now thou hear'st the sudden shock  
Of his swift bark against the rock,  
And stretchest down thy arms of snow,  
As if to lift him from below !  
Like her to whom, at dead of night,  
The bridegroom, with his locks of light\*,  
Came, in the flush of love and pride,  
And scal'd the terrace of his bride ; —  
When, as she saw him rashly spring,  
And midway up in danger cling,  
She flung him down her long black hair,  
Exclaiming, breathless, " There, love, there !"  
And scarce did manlier nerve uphold  
The hero ZAL in that fond hour,

— See *Carreri's Travels*, where the Doctor laughs at this whole account of Mount Ararat.

\* In one of the books of the *Shâh Nâmeh*, when ~~Zal~~ (a celebrated hero of Persia, remarkable for his white hair,) comes to the terrace of his mistress Rodahver at night, she lets down her long tresses to assist him in his ascent ; — he, however, manages it in a less romantic way by fixing his crook in a projecting beam. — See *Champion's Ferdosi*.

Than wings the youth who, fleet and bold,  
Now climbs the rocks to HINDA's bower.  
See — light as up their granite steeps  
The rock-goats of ARABIA clamber\*,  
Fearless from crag to crag he leaps,  
And now is in the maiden's chamber.  
She loves — but knows not whom she loves,  
Nor what his race, nor whence he came ; —  
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,  
Some beauteous bird without a name,  
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze,  
From isles in the' undiscover'd seas,  
To show his plumage for a day  
To wondering eyes, and wing away !  
Will *he* thus fly — her nameless lover ?  
ALLA forbid ! 'twas by a moon  
As fair as this, while singing over  
Some ditty to her soft Kanoon†,  
Alone, at this same witching hour,  
She first beheld his radiant eyes

\* " On the lofty hills of Arabia Petraea are rock-goats." — Niebuhr.

† " Canun, espèce de psalterion, avec des cordes de boyaux ; les dames en touchent dans le serrail, avec des décailles armées de pointes de cooc." — Toderini, translated by De Courmand.

Gleam through the lattice of the bower,

Where nightly now they mix their sighs ;  
And thought some spirit of the air  
(For what could waft a mortal there?)

Was pausing on his moonlight way  
To listen to her lonely lay !

This fancy ne'er hath left her mind :

And—though, when terror's swoon had past,  
She saw a youth, of mortal kind,

Before her in obeisance cast, —  
Yet often since, when he hath spoke  
Strange, awful words,— and gleams have broken  
From his dark eyes, too bright to bear,

Oh ! she hath fear'd her soul was given  
To some unhallow'd child of air,

Some erring Spirit cast from heaven,  
Like those angelic youths of old,  
Who burn'd for maids of mortal mould,  
Bewilder'd left the glorious skies,  
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.

Fond girl ! nor fiend nor angel he  
Who woos thy young simplicity ;  
But one of earth's impassion'd sons,  
As warm in love, as fierce in ire

As the best heart whose current runs  
Full of the Day-God's living fire.

But quench'd to-night that ardour seems,  
And pale his cheek, and sunk his brow;—  
Never before, but in her dreams,  
Had she beheld him pale as now:  
And those were dreams of troubled sleep,  
From which 'twas joy to wake and weep;  
Visions, that will not be forgot,  
But sadden every waking scene,  
Like warning ghosts, that leave the spot  
All wither'd where they once have been.

“How sweetly,” said the trembling maid,  
Of her own gentle voice afraid,  
So long had they in silence stood,  
Looking upon that tranquil flood—  
“How sweetly does the moon-beam smile  
“To-night upon yon leafy isle!  
‘Oft, in my fancy's wanderings,  
“I've wish'd that little isle had wings,  
“And we, within its fairy bowers,  
“Were wafted off to seas unknown,

“ Where not a pulse should beat but ours,

“ And we might live, love, die alone !

“ Far from the cruel and the cold, —

“ Where the bright eyes of angels only

“ Should come around us, to behold

“ A paradise so pure and lonely.

“ Would this be world enough for thee ? ” —

Playful she turn'd, that he might see

The passing smile her cheek put on ;

But when she mark'd how mournfully

His eyes met hers, that smile was gone ;

And, bursting into heart-felt tears,

“ Yes, yes,” she cried, “ my hourly fears,

“ My dreams have boded all too right —

“ We part — for ever part — to-night !

“ I knew, I knew it *could* not last —

“ 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past !

“ Oh ! ever thus, from childhood's hour,

“ I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;

“ I never loved a tree or flower,

“ But 'twas the first to fade away.

“ I never nurs'd a dear gazelle,

“ To glad me with its soft black eye,

- “ But when it came to know me well,  
“ And love me, it was sure to die !  
“ Now too — the joy most like divine  
“ Of all I ever dreamt or knew,  
“ To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine, —  
“ Oh misery ! must I lose *that* too ?  
“ Yet go — on peril’s brink we meet ; —  
“ Those frightful rocks — that treacherous sea —  
“ No, never come again — though sweet,  
“ Though heaven, it may be death to thee.  
“ Farewell — and blessings on thy way,  
“ Where’er thou go’st, beloved stranger !  
“ Better to sit and watch that ray,  
“ And think thee safe, though far away,  
“ Than have thee near me, and in danger !”
- “ Danger ! — oh, tempt me not to boast —”  
The youth exclaim’d — “ thou little know’st  
“ What he can brave, who, born and nurst  
“ In Danger’s paths, has dar’d her worst ;  
“ Upon whose ear the signal-word  
“ Of strife and death is hourly breaking ;  
“ Who sleeps with head upon the sword  
“ His fever’d hand must grasp in waking.



“ Danger ! — ”

“ Say on — thou fear’st not then,

“ And we may meet — oft meet again ? ”

“ Oh ! look not so — beneath the skies

“ I now fear nothing but those eyes.

“ If aught on earth could charm or force

“ My spirit from its destin’d course, —

“ If aught could make this soul forget

“ The bond to which its seal is set,

“ ’Twould be those eyes ; — they, only they,

“ Could melt that sacred seal away !

“ But no — ’tis fix’d — *my* awful doom

“ Is fix’d — on this side of the tomb

“ We meet no more ; — why, why did Heaven

“ Mingle two souls that earth has riven,

“ Has rent asunder wide as ours ?

“ Oh, Arab maid, as soon the Powers

“ Of Light and Darkness may combine,

“ As I be link’d with thee or thine !

“ Thy Father — ”

“ Holy ALLA save

“ His grey head from that lightning glance !

- “ Thou know’st him not—he loves the brave ;  
“ Nor lives there under heaven’s expanse  
“ One who would prize, would worship thee  
“ And thy bold spirit, more than he.  
“ Oft when, in childhood, I have play’d  
“ With the bright falchion by his side,  
“ I’ve heard him swear his lisp’ing maid  
“ In time should be a warrior’s bride.  
“ And still, whene’er at Haram hours,  
“ I take him cool sherbets and flowers,  
“ He tells me, when in playful mood,  
“ A hero shall my bridegroom be,  
“ Since maids are best in battle woo’d,  
“ And won with shouts of victory !  
“ Nay, turn not from me—thou alone  
“ Art form’d to make both hearts thy own.  
“ Go—join his sacred ranks—thou know’st  
“ The’ unholy strife these Persians wage :—  
“ Good Heav’n, that frown !—even now thou  
glow’st  
“ With more than mortal warrior’s rage.  
“ Haste to the camp by morning’s light,  
“ And, when that sword is rais’d in fight,

" Oh still remember, Love and I  
 " Beneath its shadow trembling lie !  
 " One victory o'er those Slaves of Fire,  
 " Those impious Ghebers, whom my sire  
 " Abhors —— "

" Hold, hold—thy words are death——"

The stranger cried, as wild he flung  
 His mantle back, and show'd beneath  
 The Gheber belt that round him clung.\*—  
 " Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see  
 " All that thy sire abhors in me !  
 " Yes—I am of that impious race,  
 " Those Slaves of Fire who, morn and even,  
 " Hail their Creator's dwelling-place  
 " Among the living lights of heaven† :

\* " They (the Ghebers) lay so much stress on their cushee or girdle, as not to dare to be an instant without it."—*Grose's Voyage*.—" Le jeune homme nia d'abord la chose ; mais, ayant été dépouillé de sa robe, et la large ceinture qu'il portoit comme Ghebr," &c. &c.—*D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani. " Pour se distinguer des Idolâtres de l'Inde, les Guebres se ceignent tous d'un cordon de laine, ou de poil de chamæau."—*Encyclopédie Française*.

*D'Herbelot* says this belt was generally of leather.

† " They suppose the Throne of the Almighty is seated in the sun, and hence their worship of that luminary."—*Hanway*.  
 " As to fire, the Ghebers place the spring-head of it in that

“ Yes—*I* am of that outcast few,  
“ To IRAN and to vengeance true,  
“ Who curse the hour your Arabs came  
“ To desolate our shrines of flame,  
“ And swear, before God’s burning eye,  
“ To break our country’s chains, or die !  
“ Thy bigot sire,—nay, tremble not,—  
    “ He, who gave birth to those dear eyes,  
“ With me is sacred as the spot  
    “ From which our fires of worship rise !  
“ But know—’twas he I sought that night,  
    “ When, from my watch-boat on the sea,

globe of fire, the Sun, by them called Mythras, or Mibir, to which they pay the highest reverence, in gratitude for the manifold benefits flowing from its ministerial omniscience. But they are so far from confounding the subordination of the Servant with the majesty of its Creator, that they not only attribute no sort of sense or reasoning to the sun or fire, in any of its operations, but consider it as a purely passive blind instrument, directed and governed by the immediate impression on it of the will of God; but they do not even give that luminary, all-glorious as it is, more than the second rank ~~amongst~~ <sup>among</sup> his works, reserving the first for that stupendous production of divine power, the mind of man.”—*Grose*. The false charges brought against the religion of these people by their Mussulman tyrants is but one proof among many of the truth of this writer’s remark, that “calumny is often added to oppression, if but for the sake of justifying it.”

“ I caught this turret’s glimmering light,  
“ And up the rude rocks desperately  
“ Rush’d to my prey—thou know’st the rest—  
“ I climb’d the gory vulture’s nest,  
“ And found a trembling dove within;—  
“ Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—  
“ If Love hath made one thought his own,  
“ That Vengeance claims first—last—alone!  
“ Oh! had we never, never met,  
“ Or could this heart ev’n now forget  
“ How link’d, how bless’d we might have been,  
“ Had fate not frown’d so dark between!  
“ Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,  
“ In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,  
“ Through the same fields in childhood play’d,  
“ At the same kindling altar knelt,—  
“ Then, then, while all those nameless ties,  
“ In which the charm of Country lies,  
“ Had round our hearts been hourly spun,  
“ Till IRAN’S cause and thine were one;  
“ While in thy lute’s awakening sigh  
“ I heard the voice of days gone by,  
“ And saw, in every smile of thine,  
“ Returning hours of glory shine;—

- “ While the wrong’d Spirit of our Land  
“ Liv’d, look’d, and spoke her wrongs through  
thee,—  
“ God ! who could then this sword withstand ?  
“ Its very flash were victory !  
“ But now—estrang’d, divorc’d for ever,  
“ Far as the grasp of Fate can sever ;  
“ Our only ties what love has wove,—  
“ In faith, friends, country, sunder’d wide ;  
“ And then, then only, true to love,  
“ When false to all that’s dear beside !  
“ Thy father IRAN’S deadliest foe—  
“ Thyself, perhaps, ev’n now—but no—  
“ Hate never look’d so lovely yet !  
“ No—sacred to thy soul will be  
“ The land of him who could forget  
“ All but that bleeding land for thee.  
“ When other eyes shall see, unmov’d,  
“ Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,  
“ Thou’lt think how well one Gheber lov’d,  
And for *his* sake thou’lt weep for all !  
“ But look ——”

With sudden start he turn’d  
And pointed to the distant wave,

Where lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd  
    Bluey, as o'er some seaman's grave;  
And fiery darts, at intervals\*,  
    Flew up all sparkling from the main,  
As if each star that nightly falls,  
    Were shooting back to heaven again.

“ My signal lights!—I must away—  
“ Both, both are ruin'd, if I stay.  
“ Farewell—sweet life! thou cling'st in vain—  
“ Now, Vengeance, I am thine again!”  
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,  
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd  
Down mid the pointed crags beneath,  
As if he fled from love to death.  
While pale and mute young HINDA stood,  
Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood  
A momentary plunge below  
Startled her from her trance of woe;—

\* “ The Mameluks that were in the other boat, when it was dark used to shoot up a sort of fiery arrows into the air which in some measure resembled lightning or falling stars.”—*Baumgarten*.

Shrieking she to the lattice flew,

“ I come—I come—if in that tide

“ Thou sleep’st to-night, I’ll sleep there too,

“ In death’s cold wedlock, by thy side.

“ Oh! I would ask no happier bed

“ Than the chill wave my love lies under:—

“ Sweeter to rest together dead,

“ Far sweeter, than to live asunder!”

But no—their hour is not yet come—

Again she sees his pinnacle fly,

Wafting him fleetly to his home,

Where’er that ill-starr’d home may lie;

And calm and smooth it seem’d to win

Its moonlight way before the wind,

As if it bore all peace within,

Nor left one breaking heart behind!



THE Princess, whose heart was sad enough already, could have wished that FERAMORZ had chosen a less melancholy story; as it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury. Her Ladies, however, were by no means sorry that love was once more the Poet's theme; for, whenever he spoke of love, they said, his voice was as sweet as if he had chewed the leaves of that enchanted tree, which grows over the tomb of the musician, Tan-Sein.\*

Their road all the morning had lain through a very dreary country;—through valleys, covered with a low bushy jungle, where, in more than one place, the awful signal of the bamboo

\* “Within the enclosure which surrounds this monument (at Gualior) is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the Court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.”—*Narrative of a Journey from Agra to Ouzein, by W. Hunter, Esq.*

staff\*, with the white flag at its top, reminded the traveller that, in that very spot, the tiger had made some human creature his victim. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that they arrived at sunset in a safe and lovely glen, and encamped under one of those holy trees, whose smooth columns and spreading roofs seem to destine them for natural temples of religion. Beneath this spacious shade, some pious hands had erected a row of pillars ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain†, which now supplied

\* "It is usual to place a small white triangular flag, fixed to a bamboo staff of ten or twelve feet long, at the place where a tiger has destroyed a man. It is common for the passengers also to throw each a stone or brick near the spot, so that in the course of a little time a pile equal to a good waggon-load is collected. The sight of these flags and piles of stones imparts a certain melancholy, not perhaps altogether void of apprehension." — *Oriental Field Sports*, vol. ii.

† "The *Ficus Indica* is called the Pagod Tree and Tree of Councils; the first, from the idols placed under its shade; the second, because meetings were held under its cool branches. In some places it is believed to be the haunt of spectres, as the ancient spreading oaks of Wales have been of fairies; in others are erected beneath the shade pillars of stone, or posts, elegantly carved, and ornamented with the most beautiful porcelain to supply the use of mirrors." — *Pennant*.

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the use of mirrors to the young maidens, as they adjusted their hair in descending from the palankeens. Here, while, as usual, the Princess sat listening anxiously, with FADLADEEN in one of his loftiest moods of criticism by her side, the young Poet, leaning against a branch of the tree, thus continued his story:—

THE morn hath risen clear and calm,  
And o'er the Green Sea\* palely shines,  
Revealing BAHREIN's† groves of palm,  
And lighting KISHMA's‡ amber vines.  
Fresh smell the shores of ARABY,  
While breezes from the Indian sea  
Blow round SELAMA's‡ sainted cape,  
And curl the shining flood beneath,—  
Whose waves are rich with many a grape,  
And cocoa-nut and flowery wreath,  
Which pious seamen, as they pass'd,  
Had tow'rd that holy headland cast—  
Oblations to the Genii there  
For gentle skies and breezes fair!

\* The Persian Gulf. — “To dive for pearls in the Green Sea, or Persian Gulf.” — *Sir W. Jones*.

† Islands in the Gulf.

‡ Or Selemeh, the genuine name of the headland at the entrance of the Gulf, commonly called Cape Musseldom. “The Indians, when they pass the promontory, throw cocoa-nuts, fruits, or flowers into the sea, to secure a propitious voyage.” — *Morier*.

The nightingale now bends her flight\*  
From the high trees, where all the night  
    She sung so sweet, with none to listen;  
And hides her from the morning star  
    Where thickets of pomegranate glisten  
In the clear dawn,—bespangled o'er  
    With dew, whose night-drops would not stain  
The best and brightest scimitar†  
That ever youthful Sultan wore  
    On the first morning of his reign.

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings  
Of glory up the East he springs.  
Angel of Light! who from the time  
Those heavens began their march sublime,  
Hath first of all the starry choir  
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!

\* “The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the day-time, and from the loftiest trees at night.” —*Russel's Aleppo.*

† In speaking of the climate of Shiraz, Franklin says, “The dew is of such a pure nature, that if the brightest scimitar should be exposed to it all night, it would not receive the least rust.”

Where are the days, thou wondrous sphere,  
When IRAN, like a sun-flower, turn'd  
To meet that eye where'er it burn'd?—

When, from the banks of BENDEMEER  
To the nut-groves of SAMARCAND,  
Thy temples flam'd o'er all the land?  
Where are they? ask the shades of them

Who, on CADESSIA'S\* bloody plains,  
Saw fierce invaders pluck the gem  
From IRAN's broken diadem,

And bind her ancient faith in chains:—  
Ask the poor exile, cast alone  
On foreign shores, unlov'd, unknown,  
Beyond the Caspian's Iron Gates†,

Or on the snowy Mossian mountains,  
Far from his beauteous land of dates,

Her jasmine bowers and sunny fountains:  
Yet happier so than if he trod  
His own belov'd, but blighted, sod,  
Beneath a despot stranger's nod!—

\* The place where the Persians were finally defeated by the Arabs, and their ancient monarchy destroyed.

† Derbend. — “Les Turcs appellent cette ville Demir Capi, Porte de Fer; ce sont les Caspiæ Portæ des anciens.”  
— *D'Herbelot*.

Oh, he would rather houseless roam  
Where Freedom and his God may lead,  
Than be the sleekest slave at home  
That crouches to the conqueror's creed !

Is IRAN's pride then gone for ever,  
Quench'd with the flame in MITHRA's caves? —  
No — she has sons, that never — never —  
Will stoop to be the Moslem's slaves,  
While heaven has light or earth has graves ; —  
Spirits of fire, that brood not long,  
But flash resentment back for wrong ;  
And hearts where, slow but deep, the seeds  
Of vengeance ripen into deeds,  
Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,  
They burst, like ZEILAN's giant palm \*,  
Whose buds fly open with a sound  
That shakes the pigmy forests round !

\* The Talpot or Talipot tree. " This beautiful palm-tree, which grows in the heart of the forests, may be classed among the loftiest trees, and becomes still higher when on the point of bursting forth from its leafy summit. The sheath which then envelopes the flower is very large, and, when it bursts, makes an explosion like the report of a cannon." — *Thunberg*.

Yes, EMIR ! he, who scal'd that tower,  
And, had he reach'd thy slumbering breast,  
Had taught thee, in a Gheber's power  
How safe ev'n tyrant heads may rest —  
Is one of many, brave as he,  
Who loathe thy haughty race and thee ;  
Who, though they know the strife is vain,  
Who, though they know the riven chain  
Snaps but to enter in the heart  
Of him who rends its links apart,  
Yet dare the issue, — blest to be  
Ev'n for one bleeding moment free,  
And die in pangs of liberty !  
Thou know'st them well — 'tis some moons since  
Thy turban'd troops and blood-red flags,  
Thou satrap of a bigot Prince,  
Have swarm'd among these Green Sea crags ;  
Yet here, ev'n here, a sacred band  
Ay, in the portal of that land  
Thou, Arab, dar'st to call thy own,  
Thy spears across thy path have thrown ;  
Here — ere the winds half wing'd thee o'er —  
Rebellion brav'd thee from the shore.



Rebellion ! foul, dishonouring word,  
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd  
The holiest cause that tongue or sword  
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd.  
How many a spirit, born to bless,  
Hath sunk beneath that withering name,  
Whom but a day's, an hour's success  
Had wafted to eternal fame !  
As exhalations, when they burst  
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,  
If check'd in soaring from the plain,  
Darken to fogs and sink again ;—  
But, if they once triumphant spread  
Their wings above the mountain-head,  
Become enthron'd in upper air,  
And turn to sun-bright glories there !

And who is he, that wields the might  
Of Freedom on the Green Sea brink,  
Before whose sabre's dazzling light \*  
The eyes of YEMEN's warriors wink ?

\* " When the bright cimitars make the eyes of our heroes wink." — *The Moallakat, Poem of Amru.*

Who comes, embower'd in the spears  
Of KERMÁN'S hardy mountaineers? —  
Those mountaineers that truest, last,  
Cling to their country's ancient rites,  
As if that God, whose eyelids cast  
Their closing gleam on IRÁN'S heights,  
Among her snowy mountains threw  
The last light of his worship too !

'Tis HAFED — name of fear, whose sound  
Chills like the muttering of a charm ! —  
Shout but that awful name around,  
And palsy shakes the manliest arm.  
'Tis HAFED, most accurs'd and dire  
(So rank'd by Moslem hate and ire)  
Of all the rebel Sons of Fire ;  
Of whose malign, tremendous power  
The Arabs, at their mid-watch hour,  
Such tales of fearful wonder tell,  
That each affrighted sentinel  
Pals down his cowl upon his eyes,  
Lest HAFED in the midst should rise !  
A man, they say, of monstrous birth,  
A mingled race of flame and earth,

Sprung from those old, enchanted kings\*,  
Who in their fairy helms, of yore  
A feather from the mystic wings  
Of the Simoorgh resistless wore ;  
And gifted by the Fiends of Fire,  
Who groan'd to see their shrines expire,  
With charms that, all in vain withstood,  
Would drown the Koran's light in blood !

Such were the tales, that won belief,  
And such the colouring Fancy gave  
To a young, warm, and dauntless Chief,—  
One who, no more than mortal brave,  
Fought for the land his soul ador'd,  
For happy homes and altars free, —  
His only talisman, the sword,  
His only spell-word, Liberty !  
One of that ancient hero line,  
Along whose glorious current shine

\* Tahmuras, and other ancient Kings of Persia, whose adventures in Fairy-land among the Peris and Dives may be found in Richardson's curious Dissertation. The griffin Simoorgh, they say, took some feathers from her breast for Tahmuras, with which he adorned his helmet, and transmitted them afterwards to his descendants.

Names, that have sanctified their blood ;  
As LEBANON's small mountain-flood  
Is render'd holy by the ranks  
Of sainted cedars on its banks.\*  
'Twas not for him to crouch the knee  
Tamely to Moslem tyranny ;  
'Twas not for him, whose soul was cast  
In the bright mould of ages past,  
Whose melancholy spirit, fed  
With all the glories of the dead,  
Though fram'd for IRAN's happiest years,  
Was born among her chains and tears!—  
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd  
Of slavish heads, that shrinking bow'd  
Before the Moslem, as he pass'd,  
Like shrubs beneath the poison-blast—

\* This rivulet, says Dandini, is called the Holy River from the "cedar-saints" among which it rises.

In the *Lettres Edifiantes*, there is a different cause assigned for its name of Holy. "In these are deep caverns, which formerly served as so many cells for a great number of recluses, who had chosen these retreats as the only witnesses upon earth of the severity of their penance. The tears of these pious penitents gave the river of which we have just treated the name of the Holy River."—See *Chateaubriand's Beauties of Christianity*.

No—far he fled—indignant fled  
The pageant of his country's shame ;  
While every tear her children shed  
Fell on his soul like drops of flame ;  
And, as a lover hails the dawn  
Of a first smile, so welcom'd he  
The sparkle of the first sword drawn  
For vengeance and for liberty !

But vain was valour—vain the flower  
Of KERMÁN, in that deathful hour,  
Against AL HASSAN'S whelming power. —  
In vain they met him, helm to helm,  
Upon the threshold of that realm  
He came in bigot pomp to sway,  
And with their corpses block'd his way—  
In vain—for every lance they rais'd,  
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd ;  
For every arm that lin'd their shore,  
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—  
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,  
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd  
As dates beneath the locust cloud.

There stood—but one short league away  
From old HARMOZIA's sultry bay—  
A rocky mountain, o'er the Sea  
Of OMAN beetling awfully\*;  
A last and solitary link  
Of those stupendous chains that reach  
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink  
Down winding to the Green Sea beach.  
Around its base the bare rocks stood,  
Like naked giants, in the flood,  
As if to guard the Gulf across;  
While, on its peak, that brav'd the sky,  
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high  
That oft the sleeping albatross†

\* This mountain is my own creation, as the "stupendous chain," of which I suppose it a link, does not extend quite so far as the shores of the Persian Gulf. "This long and lofty range of mountains formerly divided Media from Assyria, and now forms the boundary of the Persian and Turkish empires. It runs parallel with the river Tigris and Persian Gulf, and almost disappearing in the vicinity of Gomberoon (Harmozia) seems once more to rise in the southern districts of Kerman, and following an easterly course through the centre of Meckraun and Balouchistan, is entirely lost in the deserts of Sinde." — *Kinnier's Persian Empire*.

† These birds sleep in the air. They are most common about the Cape of Good Hope.

Struck the wild ruins with her wing,  
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering  
Started—to find man's dwelling there  
In her own silent fields of air !  
Beneath, terrific caverns gave  
Dark welcome to each stormy wave  
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in ; —  
And such the strange, mysterious din  
At times throughout those caverns roll'd, —  
And such the fearful wonders told  
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,  
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,  
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff  
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.\*

On the land side, those towers sublime,  
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,

\* “ There is an extraordinary hill in this neighbourhood, called Kohé Gubr, or the Guebre's mountain. It rises in the form of a lofty cupola, and on the summit of it, they say, are the remains of an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple. It is superstitiously held to be the residence of Deeves or Sprites, and many marvellous stories are recounted of the injury and witchcraft suffered by those who essayed in former days to ascend or explore it.” — *Pottinger's Beloochistan*.

Were sever'd from the haunts of men  
By a wide, deep, and wizard glen,  
So fathomless, so full of gloom,

No eye could pierce the void between :  
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come  
With their foul banquets from the tomb,  
And in its caverns feed unseen.

Like distant thunder, from below,  
The sound of many torrents came,  
Too deep for eye or ear to know  
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,  
Or floods of ever-restless flame.

For, each ravine, each rocky spire  
Of that vast mountain stood on fire\* ;  
And, though for ever past the days  
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze  
That from its lofty altar shone,—  
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,  
Still did the mighty flame burn on†,

\* The Ghebers generally built their temples over subterraneous fires.

† “ At the city of Yezd, in Persia, which is distinguished by the appellation of the Darúb Abadut, or Seat of Religion, the Guebres are permitted to have an Atush Kudu or Fire Temple (which, they assert, has had the sacred fire in it since



Through chance and change, through good and ill,  
Like its own God's eternal will,  
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable !

Thither the vanquish'd HAFED led  
His little army's last remains ; —  
“ Welcome, terrific glen ! ” he said,  
“ Thy gloom, that Eblis' self might dread,  
“ Is Heav'n to him who flies from chains ! ”  
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known  
To him and to his Chiefs alone,  
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers, —  
“ This home,” he cried, “ at least is ours ; —  
“ Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns  
“ Of Moslem triumph o'er our head ;  
“ Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs  
“ To quiver to the Moslem's tread.  
“ Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks  
“ Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,  
“ Here — happy that no tyrant's eye  
“ Gloats on our torments — we may die ! —

the days of Zoroaster) in their own compartment of the city ;  
but for this indulgence they are indebted to the avarice, not  
the tolerance of the Persian government, which taxes them at  
twenty-five rupees each man.” — *Pottinger's Beloochistan.*

'Twas night when to those towers they came,  
And gloomily the fitful flame,  
That from the ruin'd altar broke,  
Glared on his features, as he spoke : —  
“ 'Tis o'er—what men could do, we've done—  
“ If IRAN *will* look tamely on,  
“ And see her priests, her warriors driven  
“ Before a sensual bigot's nod,  
“ A wretch who shrines his lusts in heaven,  
“ And makes a pander of his God ;  
“ If her proud sons, her high-born souls,  
“ Men, in whose veins—oh last disgrace !  
“ The blood of ZAL and RUSTAM\* rolls,—  
“ If they *will* court this upstart race,  
“ And turn from MITHRA's ancient ray,  
“ To kneel at shrines of yesterday ;  
“ If they *will* crouch to IRAN's foes,  
“ Why, let them —till the land's despair  
“ Cries out to Heav'n, and bondage grows  
“ Too vile for ev'n the vile to bear !

\* Ancient heroes of Persia. “ Among the Guebres there are some, who boast their descent from Rustam.” — *Stephen's Persia*.

“ Till shame at last, long hidden, burns  
“ Their inmost core, and conscience turns  
“ Each coward tear the slave lets fall  
“ Back on his heart in drops of gall.  
“ But *here*, at least, are arms unchain’d,  
“ And souls that thralldom never stain’d ; —  
“ This spot, at least, no foot of slave  
“ Or satrap ever yet profaned ;  
“ And though but few — though fast the wave  
“ Of life is ebbing from our veins,  
“ Enough for vengeance still remains.  
“ As panthers, after set of sun,  
“ Rush from the roots of LEBANON  
“ Across the dark-sea robber’s way \*,  
“ We’ll bound upon our startled prey ;  
“ And when some hearts that proudest swell  
“ Have felt our falchion’s last farewell ;  
“ When Hope’s expiring throb is o’er,  
“ And ev’n Despair can prompt no more,  
“ This spot shall be the sacred grave  
“ Of the last few who, vainly brave,  
“ Die for the land they cannot save ! ”

\* See Russel’s account of the panther’s attacking travellers in the night on the sea-shore about the roots of Lebanon.

His Chiefs stood round — each shining blade  
Upon the broken altar laid —  
And though so wild and desolate  
Those courts, where once the Mighty sate ;  
Nor longer on those mouldering towers  
Was seen the feast of fruits and flowers,  
With which of old the Magi fed  
The wandering Spirits of their Dead\* ;  
Though neither priest nor rites were there,  
Nor charmed leaf of pure pomegranate† ;  
Nor hymn, nor censer's fragrant air,  
Nor symbol of their worshipp'd planet‡ ;

\* “ Among other ceremonies the Magi used to place upon the tops of high towers various kinds of rich viands, upon which it was supposed the Peris and the spirits of their departed heroes regaled themselves.” — *Richardson*.

† In the ceremonies of the Ghebers round their Fire, as described by Lord, “ the Daroo,” he says, “ giveth them water to drink, and a pomegranate leaf to chew in the mouth, to cleanse them from inward uncleanness.”

‡ “ Early in the morning, they (the Parsees or Ghebers at Oulam) go in crowds to pay their devotions to the Sun, to whom upon all the altars there are spheres consecrated, made by magic, resembling the circles of the sun, and when the sun rises, these orbs seem to be inflamed, and to turn round with a great noise. They have every one a censer in their hands, and offer incense to the sun.” — *Rabbi Benjamin*.

Yet the same God that heard their sires  
Heard *them*, while on that altar's fires  
They swore\* the latest, holiest deed  
Of the few hearts, still left to bleed,  
Should be, in IRAN's injur'd name,  
To die upon that Mount of Flame —  
The last of all her patriot line,  
Before her last untrampled Shrine !

Brave, suffering souls ! they little knew  
How many a tear their injuries drew  
From one meek maid, one gentle foe,  
Whom love first touch'd with others' woe —  
Whose life, as free from thought as sin,  
Slept like a lake, till Love threw in  
His talisman, and woke the tide,  
And spread its trembling circles wide.  
Once, EMIR ! thy unheeding child,  
Mid all this havoc, bloom'd and smil'd, —  
Tranquil as on some battle plain  
The Persian lily shines and towers †;

\* “ Nul d'entre eux oseroit se perjurér, quand il a pris à témoin cet élément terrible et vengeur.” — *Encyclopédie Française*.

† “ A vivid verdure succeeds the autumnal rains, and the

Before the combat's reddening stain  
Hath fall'n upon her golden flowers.  
Light-hearted maid, unaw'd, unmov'd,  
While Heav'n but spar'd the sire she lov'd,  
Once at thy evening tales of blood  
Unlistening and aloof she stood—  
And oft, when thou hast pac'd along  
Thy Haram halls with furious heat,  
Hast thou not curs'd her cheerful song,  
That came across thee, calm and sweet,  
Like lutes of angels, touch'd so near  
Hell's confines, that the damn'd can hear!

Far other feelings Love hath brought—  
Her soul all flame, her brow all sadness,  
She now has but the one dear thought,  
And thinks that o'er, almost to madness!  
Oft doth her sinking heart recall  
His words—"for *my* sake weep for all;"  
And bitterly, as day on day  
O' rebel carnage fast succeeds,

ploughed fields are covered with the Persian lily, of a resplendent yellow colour." — *Russel's Aleppo.*

She weeps a lover snatch'd away  
In every Gheber wretch that bleeds.  
There's not a sabre meets her eye,  
But with his life-blood seems to swim ;  
There's not an arrow wings the sky,  
But fancy turns its point to him.  
No more she brings with footstep light  
AL HASSAN's falchion for the fight ;  
And—had he look'd with clearer sight,  
Had not the mists, that ever rise  
From a foul spirit, dimm'd his eyes—  
He would have mark'd her shuddering frame,  
When from the field of blood he came,  
The faltering speech—the look estrang'd—  
Voice, step, and life, and beauty chang'd—  
He would have mark'd all this, and known  
Such change is wrought by Love alone !

Ah ! not the Love, that should have bless'd  
So young, so innocent a breast ;  
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,  
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,  
Grows in the world's approving eyes,  
In friendship's smile and home's caress,

Collecting all the heart's sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness !  
No, HINDA, nò,—thy fatal flame  
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame ;—  
A passion, without hope or pleasure,  
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,  
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—  
Some idol, without shrine or name,  
O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep  
Unholy watch, while others sleep.

Seven nights have darken'd OMAN's sea,  
Since last, beneath the moonlight ray,  
She saw his light oar rapidly  
Hurry her Gheber's bark away,—  
And still she goes, at midnight hour,  
To weep alone in that high bower,  
And watch, and look along the deep  
For him whose smiles first made her weep ;—  
But watching, weeping, all was vain,  
She never saw his bark again.  
The owlet's solitary cry,  
The night-hawk, flitting darkly by,



And oft the hateful carrion bird,  
Heavily flapping his clogg'd wing,  
Which reek'd with that day's banquetting—  
Was all she saw, was all she heard.

'Tis the eighth morn—AL HASSAN's brow  
Is brighten'd with unusual joy—  
What mighty mischief glads him now,  
Who never smiles but to destroy?  
The sparkle upon HERKEND's Sea,  
When toss'd at midnight furiously\*,  
Tells not of wreck and ruin nigh,  
More surely than that smiling eye!  
“Up, daughter, up—the KERNA's† breath  
“Has blown a blast would waken death,  
“And yet thou sleep'st—up, child, and see  
“This blessed day for Heaven and me,  
“A day more rich in Pagan blood  
“Than ever flash'd o'er OMAN's flood.

\* “It is observed, with respect to the Sea of Herkend, that when it is tossed by tempestuous winds it sparkles like fire.”  
—*Travels of Two Mohammedans*.

† A kind of trumpet; — it “was that used by Tamerlane, the sound of which is described as uncommonly dreadful, and so loud as to be heard at the distance of several miles.” —  
*Richardson*.

“ Before another dawn shall shine,  
“ His head—heart—limbs—will all be mine;  
“ This very night his blood shall steep  
“ These hands all over ere I sleep !” —

“ *His* blood !” she faintly scream’d — her mind  
Still singling *one* from all mankind —  
“ Yes — spite of his ravines and towers,  
“ HAFED, my child, this night is ours.  
“ Thanks to all-conquering treachery,  
“ Without whose aid the links accurst,  
“ That bind these impious slaves, would be  
“ Too strong for ALLA’s self to burst !  
“ That rebel fiend, whose blade has spread  
“ My path with piles of Moslem dead,  
“ Whose baffling spells had almost driv’n  
“ Back from their course the Swords of Heaven,  
“ This night, with all his band shall know  
“ How deep an Arab’s steel can go,  
“ When God and Vengeance speed the blow.  
“ And.—Prophet ! by that holy wreath  
“ Thou wor’st on OHOD’s field of death\*,

\* “ Mohammed had two helmets, an interior and exterior one ; the latter of which, called Al Mawashah, the fillet,

“ I swear, for every sob that parts  
“ In anguish from these heathen hearts,  
“ A gem from PERSIA’S plunder’d mines  
“ Shall glitter on thy Shrine of Shrines.  
“ But, ha !—she sinks—that look so wild—  
“ Those livid lips—my child, my child,  
“ This life of blood befits not thee,  
“ And thou must back to ARABY.  
“ Ne’er had I risk’d thy timid sex  
“ In scenes that man himself might dread,  
“ Had I not hop’d our every tread  
“ Would be on prostrate Persian necks—  
“ Curst race, they offer swords instead !  
“ But cheer thee, maid,— the wind that now  
“ Is blowing o’er thy feverish brow,  
“ To-day shall waft thee from the shore ;  
“ And, e’er a drop of this night’s gore  
“ Have time to chill in yonder towers,  
“ Thou’lt see thy own sweet Arab bowers !”

His bloody boast was all too true ;  
There lurk’d one wretch among the few

wreath, or wreathed garland, he wore at the battle of Ohod.”  
— *Universal History*.

Whom HAFED's eagle eye could count  
Around him on that Fiery Mount, —  
One miscreant, who for gold betray'd  
The pathway through the valley's shade  
To those high towers, where Freedom stood  
In her last hold of flame and blood.  
Left on the field last dreadful night,  
When, sallying from their Sacred height,  
The Ghebers fought hope's farewell fight,  
He lay — but died not with the brave ;  
That sun, which should have gilt his grave,  
Saw him a traitor and a slave ;—  
And, while the few, who thence return'd  
To their high rocky fortress, mourn'd  
For him among the matchless dead  
They left behind on glory's bed,  
He liv'd, and, in the face of morn,  
Laugh'd them and Faith and Heaven to scorn.

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,  
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,  
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,  
And blasts them in their hour of might !

May Life's unblessed cup for him  
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim, —  
With hopes, that but allure to fly,  
    With joys, that vanish while he sips,  
Like Dead-Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,  
    But turn to ashes on the lips !\*  
His country's curse, his children's shame,  
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame,  
May he, at last, with lips of flame

\* “ They say that there are apple-trees upon the sides of this sea, which bear very lovely fruit, but within are all full of ashes.” — *Thevenot*. The same is asserted of the oranges there ; v. *Witman's Travels in Asiatic Turkey*.

“ The Asphalt Lake, known by the name of the Dead Sea, is very remarkable on account of the considerable proportion of salt which it contains. In this respect it surpasses every other known water on the surface of the earth. This great proportion of bitter tasted salts is the reason why neither animal nor plant can live in this water.” — *Klaproth's Chemical Analysis of the Water of the Dead Sea, Annals of Philosophy*, January, 1813. *Hasselquist*, however, doubts the truth of this last assertion, as there are shell-fish to be found in the lake.

Lord Byron has a similar allusion to the fruits of the Dead Sea, in that wonderful display of genius, his third Canto of *Childe Harold*, — magnificent beyond any thing, perhaps, that even *he* has ever written.

On the parch'd desert thirsting die, —  
While lakes, that shone in mockery nigh\*,  
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,  
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted !  
And, when from earth his spirit flies,  
Just Prophet, let the damn'd-one dwell  
Full in the sight of Paradise,  
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell !

\* “ The Suhrab or Water of the Desert is said to be caused by the rarefaction of the atmosphere from extreme heat ; and, which augments the delusion, it is most frequent in hollows, where water might be expected to lodge. I have seen bushes and trees reflected in it, with as much accuracy as though it had been the face of a clear and still lake.” — *Pottinger*.

“ As to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until when he cometh thereto he findeth it to be nothing.” — *Koran*, chap. 24.

LALLA ROOKH had, the night before, been visited by a dream which, in spite of the impending fate of poor HAFED, made her heart more than usually cheerful during the morning, and gave her cheeks all the freshened animation of a flower that the Bid-musk has just passed over.\* She fancied that she was sailing on that Eastern Ocean, where the sea-gipsies, who live for ever on the water†, enjoy a perpetual summer in

\* “A wind which prevails in February, called Bidmusk, from a small and odoriferous flower of that name.” — “The wind which blows these flowers commonly lasts till the end of the month.” — *Le Bruyn*.

† “The Biajús are of two races: the one is settled on Borneo, and are a rude but warlike and industrious nation, who reckon themselves the original possessors of the island of Borneo. The other is a species of sea-gipsies or itinerant fishermen, who live in small covered boats, and enjoy a perpetual summer on the eastern ocean, shifting to leeward from island to island, with the variations of the monsoon. In some of their customs this singular race resemble the natives of the Maldivia islands. The Maldivians annually launch a small bark, loaded with perfumes, gums, flowers, and odoriferous wood, and turn it adrift at the mercy of winds and waves, as

wandering from isle to isle, when she saw a small gilded bark approaching her. It was like one of those boats which the Maldivian islanders send adrift, at the mercy of winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and odoriferous wood, as an offering to the Spirit whom they call King of the Sea. At first, this little bark appeared to be empty, but, on coming nearer —

She had proceeded thus far in relating the dream to her Ladies, when FERAMORZ appeared at the door of the pavilion. In his presence, of course, every thing else was forgotten, and the continuance of the story was instantly requested by all. Fresh wood of aloes was set

an offering to the *Spirit of the Winds*; and sometimes similar offerings are made to the spirit whom they term *the King of the Sea*. In like manner the Biajús perform their offering to the god of evil, launching a small bark, loaded with all the sins and misfortunes of the nation, which are imagined to fall on the unhappy crew that may be so unlucky as first to meet with it." — *Dr. Leyden* on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations.



to burn in the cassolets;—the violet sherbets\* were hastily handed round, and after a short prelude on his lute, in the pathetic measure of Nava†, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers, the Poet thus continued:—

\* “The sweet-scented violet is one of the plants most esteemed, particularly for its great use in Sorbet, which they make of violet sugar.” — *Hasselquist*.

“The sherbet they most esteem, and which is drank by the Grand Signor himself, is made of violets and sugar.” — *Tavernier*.

† “Last of all she took a guitar, and sung a pathetic air in the measure called Nava, which is always used to express the lamentations of absent lovers.” — *Persian Tales*.

THE day is lowering—stilly black  
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,  
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky  
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy.

There's not a cloud in that blue plain  
But tells of storm to come or past;—  
Here, flying loosely as the mane

Of a young war-horse in the blast;—  
There, roll'd in masses dark and swelling,  
As proud to be the thunder's dwelling!  
While some, already burst and riven,  
Seem melting down the verge of heaven;  
As though the infant storm had rent

The mighty womb that gave him birth,  
And, having swept the firmament,  
Was now in fierce career for earth.

On earth 'twas yet all calm around,  
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,  
More awful than the tempest's sound.  
The diver steer'd for ORMUS' bowers,  
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours;

The sea-birds, with portentous screech,  
Flew fast to land;—upon the beach  
The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance  
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse;—  
And all was boding, drear, and dark  
As her own soul, when HINDA's bark  
Went slowly from the Persian shore.—  
No music tim'd her parting oar\*,  
Nor friends upon the lessening strand  
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,  
Or speak the farewell, heard no more;—  
But lone, unheeded, from the bay  
The vessel takes its mournful way,  
Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers  
In silence through the Gate of Tears.†  
And where was stern AL HASSAN then?  
Could not that saintly scourge of men

\* “The Easterns used to set out on their longer voyages with music.” — *Harmer*.

† “The Gate of Tears, the straits or passage into the Red Sea, commonly called Babelmandel. It received this name from the old Arabians, on account of the danger of the navigation, and the number of shipwrecks by which it was distinguished; which induced them to consider as dead, and to wear mourning for all who had the boldness to hazard the passage through it into the Ethiopic ocean.” — *Richardson*.

From bloodshed and devotion spare  
One minute for a farewell there?  
No—close within, in changeful fits  
Of cursing and of prayer, he sits  
In savage loneliness to brood  
Upon the coming night of blood,—  
    With that keen, second-scent of death,  
By which the vulture snuffs his food  
    In the still warm and living breath! \*  
While o'er the wave his weeping daughter  
Is wafted from these scenes of slaughter,—  
As a young bird of BABYLON †,  
Let loose to tell of victory won,  
Flies home, with wing, ah! not unstain'd  
By the red hands that held her chain'd.

And does the long-left home she seeks  
Light up no gladness on her cheeks?  
The flowers she nurs'd—the well-known groves,  
Where oft in dreams her spirit roves—

\* “ I have been told that whensoever an animal falls down dead, one or more vultures, unseen before, instantly appear.”  
— *Pennant*.

† “ They fasten some writing to the wings of a Bagdat, or Babylonian pigeon.”— *Travels of certain Englishmen*.

Once more to see her dear gazelles  
Come bounding with their silver bells ;  
Her birds' new plumage to behold,

And the gay, gleaming fishes count,  
She left, all filleted with gold,  
Shooting around their jasper fount\* ;  
Her little garden mosque to see,

And once again, at evening hour,  
To tell her ruby rosary†

In her own sweet acacia bower. —  
Can these delights, that wait her now,  
Call up no sunshine on her brow ?  
No, — silent, from her train apart, —  
As if even now she felt at heart  
The chill of her approaching doom, —  
She sits, all lovely in her gloom

\* " The Empress of Jehan-Guire used to divert herself with feeding tame fish in her canals, some of which were many years afterwards known by fillets of gold, which she caused to be put round them." — *Harris*.

† " Le Tsepîh, qui est un chapelet, composé de 99 petites boules d'agate, de jaspe, d'ambre, de corail, ou d'autre matière précieuse. J'en ai vu un superbe au Seigneur Jerpos ; il étoit de belles et grosses perles parfaites et égales, estimé trente mille piastres." — *Toderini*.

As a pale Angel of the Grave ;  
And o'er the wide, tempestuous wave,  
Looks, with a shudder, to those towers,  
Where, in a few short awful hours,  
Blood, blood, in streaming tides shall run,  
Foul incense for to-morrow's sun !  
" Where art thou, glorious stranger ! thou,  
" So lov'd, so lost, where art thou now ?  
" Foe—Gheber—infidel—whate'er  
" The' unhallow'd name thou'rt doom'd to bear,  
" Still glorious—still to this fond heart  
" Dear as its blood, whate'er thou art !  
" Yes—ALLA, dreadful ALLA ! yes—  
" If there be wrong, be crime in this,  
" Let the black waves that round us roll,  
" Whelm me this instant, ere my soul,  
" Forgetting faith—home—father—all—  
" Before its earthly idol fall,  
" Nor worship ev'n Thyself above him—  
" For, oh, so wildly do I love him,  
" Thy Paradise itself were dim  
" And joyless, if not shar'd with him !"  
Her hands were clasp'd—her eyes upturn'd,  
Dropping their tears like moonlight rain ;

And, though her lip, fond raver! burn'd  
With words of passion, bold, profane,  
Yet was there light around her brow,  
A holiness in those dark eyes,  
Which show'd, — though wandering earthward  
now, —

Her spirit's home was in the skies.  
Yes—for a spirit pure as hers  
Is always pure, ev'n while it errs;  
As sunshine, broken in the rill,  
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!

So wholly had her mind forgot  
All thoughts but one, she heeded not  
The rising storm—the wave that cast  
A moment's midnight, as it pass'd —  
Nor heard the frequent shout, the tread  
Of gathering tumult o'er her head —  
Clash'd swords, and tongues that seem'd to vie  
With the rude riot of the sky. —  
But, hark! — that war-whoop on the deck —  
That crash, as if each engine there,  
Mast, sails, and all, were gone to wreck,  
Mid yells and stampings of despair!

Merciful Heaven! what *can* it be?  
'Tis not the storm, though fearfully  
The ship has shudder'd as she rode  
O'er mountain-waves—"Forgive me, God!  
"Forgive me"—shriek'd the maid, and knelt,  
Trembling all over—for she felt  
As if her judgment-hour was near;  
While crouching round, half dead with fear,  
Her handmaids clung, nor breath'd, nor stirr'd—  
When, hark!—a second crash—a third—  
And now, as if a bolt of thunder  
Had riv'n the labouring planks asunder,  
The deck falls in—what horrors then!  
Blood, waves, and tackle, swords and men  
Come mix'd together through the chasm,—  
Some wretches in their dying spasm  
Still fighting on—and some that call  
"For GOD and IRAN!" as they fall!

Whose was the hand that turn'd away  
The perils of the' infuriate fray,  
And snatch'd her breathless from beneath  
This wilderment of wreck and death?



She knew not—for a faintness came  
Chill o'er her, and her sinking frame  
Amid the ruins of that hour  
Lay, like a pale and scorched flower,  
Beneath the red volcano's shower.  
But, oh! the sights and sounds of dread  
That shock'd her ere her senses fled!  
The yawning deck—the crowd that strove  
Upon the tottering planks above—  
The sail, whose fragments, shivering o'er  
The strugglers' heads, all dash'd with gore  
Flutter'd like bloody flags—the clash  
Of sabres, and the lightning's flash  
Upon their blades, high toss'd about  
Like meteor brands\*—as if throughout  
The elements one fury ran,  
One general rage, that left a doubt  
Which was the fiercer, Heav'n or Man!

Once too—but no—it could not be—  
'Twas fancy all—yet once she thought,  
While yet her fading eyes could see,  
High on the ruin'd deck she caught

\* The meteors that Pliny calls "faces."

A glimpse of that unearthly form,  
That glory of her soul,—even then,  
Amid the whirl of wreck and storm,  
Shining above his fellow-men,  
As, on some black and troublous night,  
The Star of EGYPT\*, whose proud light  
Never hath beam'd on those who rest  
In the White Islands of the West†,  
Burns through the storm with looks of flame  
That put Heav'n's cloudier eyes to shame.  
But no—'twas but the minute's dream—  
A fantasy—and ere the scream  
Had half-way pass'd her pallid lips,  
A death-like swoon, a chill eclipse  
Of soul and sense its darkness spread  
Around her, and she sunk, as dead.

How calm, how beautiful comes on  
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,

\* “The brilliant Canopus, unseen in European climates.”  
—*Brown*.

† See Wilford's learned Essays on the Sacred Isles in the  
West.

Melt off, and leave the land and sea  
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—  
Fresh as if Day again were born,  
Again upon the lap of Morn!—  
When the light blossoms, rudely torn  
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,  
Hang floating in the pure air still,  
Filling it all with precious balm,  
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—  
And every drop the thunder-showers  
Have left upon the grass and flowers  
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem\*  
Whose liquid flame is born of them!  
When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,  
    There blow a thousand gentle airs,  
    And each a different perfume bears,—  
As if the loveliest plants and trees  
Had vassal breezes of their own  
To watch and wait on them alone,

\* A precious stone of the Indies, called by the ancients, Ceraunium, because it was supposed to be found in places where thunder had fallen. Tertullian says it has a glittering appearance, as if there had been fire in it; and the author of the Dissertation in Harris's Voyages, supposes it to be the opal.

And waft no other breath than theirs :  
When the blue waters rise and fall,  
In sleepy sunshine mantling all ;  
And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves  
Is like the full and silent heaves  
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
Too newly to be quite at rest.

Such was the golden hour that broke  
Upon the world, when HINDA woke  
From her long trance, and heard around  
No motion but the water's sound  
Rippling against the vessel's side,  
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—  
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,  
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,  
The same, that from HARMOZIA's bay  
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way  
The sea-dog track'd?—no—strange and new  
Is all that meets her wondering view.  
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,  
    Beneath no rich pavilion's shade, —  
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,  
    Nor jasmine on her pillow laid.

But the rude litter, roughly spread  
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,  
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,  
For awning o'er her head are flung.  
Shuddering she look'd around — there lay

A group of warriors in the sun,  
Resting their limbs, as for that day  
Their ministry of death were done.  
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,  
Lost in unconscious reverie;  
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook  
That sluggish calm, with many a look  
To the slack sail impatient cast,  
As loose it flagg'd around the mast.

Blest ALLA ! who shall save her now ?  
There's not in all that warrior band  
One Arab sword, one turban'd brow  
From her own Faithful Moslem land.  
Their garb — the leathern belt\* that wraps  
Each yellow vest† — that rebel hue —

\* *D'Herbelot*, art. Agduani.

† “ The Guebres are known by a dark yellow colour, which the men affect in their clothes.” — *Thevenot*.

The Tartar fleece upon their caps\*—

Yes—yes—her fears are all too true,  
And Heav'n hath, in this dreadful hour,  
Abandon'd her to HAFED's power;—  
HAFED, the Gheber!—at the thought

Her very heart's blood chills within;  
He, whom her soul was hourly taught

To loathe, as some foul fiend of sin,  
Some minister, whom Hell had sent  
To spread its blast, where'er he went,  
And fling, as o'er our earth he trod,  
His shadow betwixt man and God!

And she is now his captive,—thrown  
In his fierce hands, alive, alone;  
His the infuriate band she sees,  
All infidels—all enemies!

What was the daring hope that then  
Cross'd her like light'ning, as again,  
With boldness that despair had lent,

She darted through that armed crowd  
A look so searching, so intent,  
That ev'n the sternest warrior bow'd

\* "The Kolah, or cap, worn by the Persians, is made of the skin of the sheep of Tartary."—*Waring*.

Abash'd, when he her glances caught,  
As if he guess'd whose form they sought.  
But no—she sees him not—'tis gone,  
The vision that before her shone  
Through all the maze of blood and storm,  
Is fled—'twas but a phantom form—  
One of those passing, rainbow dreams,  
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams  
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll  
In trance or slumber round the soul.

But now the bark, with livelier bound,  
Scales the blue wave—the crew's in motion,  
The oars are out, and with light sound  
Break the bright mirror of the ocean,  
Scattering its brilliant fragments round.  
And now she sees—with horror sees,  
Their course is tow'rd that mountain-hold,—  
Those towers, that make her ~~fire~~-blood freeze,  
Where MECCA's godless enemies  
Lie, like beleaguer'd scorpions, roll'd  
In their last deadly, venomous fold!  
Amid the' illumin'd land and flood  
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;

Save where, above its awful head,  
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,  
As 'twere the flag of destiny  
Hung out to mark where death would be !

Had her bewilder'd mind the power  
Of thought in this terrific hour,  
She well might marvel where or how  
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow,  
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known  
Of path but through the glen alone.—  
But every thought was lost in fear,  
When, as their bounding bark drew near  
The craggy base, she felt the waves  
Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves,  
That from the Deep in windings pass  
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass ;—  
And loud a voice on deck commands  
To lower the mast and light the brands !—  
Instantly o'er the dashing tide  
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,  
Gloomy as that eternal Porch  
Through which departed spirits go :—



Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch  
Its flickering light could further throw  
Than the thick flood that boil'd below.  
Silent they floated—as if each  
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech  
In that dark chasm, where even sound  
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around  
The goblin echoes of the cave  
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,  
As 'twere some secret of the grave!

But soft—they pause—the current turns  
Beneath them from its onward track;—  
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns  
The vexed tide, all foaming, back,  
And scarce the oars' redoubled force  
Can stem the eddy's whirling force;  
When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung  
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—  
The oars are up—the grapple clings,  
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.  
Just then, a day-beam through the shade  
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid

Can see from whence the brightness steals,  
Upon her brow she shuddering feels  
A viewless hand, that promptly ties  
A bandage round her burning eyes;  
While the rude litter where she lies,  
Uplifted by the warrior throng,  
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine!—genial Day,  
What balm, what life is in thy ray!  
To feel thee is such real bliss,  
That had the world no joy but this,  
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—  
It were a world too exquisite  
For man to leave it for the gloom,  
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb.  
Ev'n HINDA, though she saw not where  
Or whither wound the perilous road,  
Yet knew by that awakening air,  
Which suddenly around her glow'd,  
That they had risen from darkness then,  
And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled—  
For now the steepy labyrinth led

Through damp and gloom — 'mid crash of boughs,  
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse  
The leopard from his hungry sleep,

Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,  
And long is heard, from steep to steep,

Chasing them down their thundering way !  
The jackal's cry — the distant moan  
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone —  
And that eternal saddening sound

Of torrents in the glen beneath,  
As 'twere the ever-dark Profound

That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death !  
All, all is fearful — ev'n to see,

To gaze on those terrific things  
She now but blindly hears, would be  
Relief to her imaginings ;

Since never yet was shape so dread,

But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,  
And by such sounds of horror fed,  
Could frame more dreadful of her own.

But does she dream ? has Fear again  
Perplex'd the workings of her brain,  
Or did a voice, all music, then

Come from the gloom, low whispering near—

“Tremble not, love, thy Gheber’s here?”

She *does* not dream—all sense, all ear,

She drinks the words, “Thy Gheber’s here.”

’Twas his own voice—she could not err—

Throughout the breathing world’s extent

There was but *one* such voice for her,

So kind, so soft, so eloquent!

Oh, sooner shall the rose of May

Mistake her own sweet nightingale,

And to some meaner minstrel’s lay

Open her bosom’s glowing veil\*,

Than Love shall ever doubt a tone,

A breath of the beloved one!

Though blest, ’mid all her ills, to think

She has that one beloved near,

Whose smile, though met on ruin’s brink,

Hath power to make ev’n ruin dear,—

Yet soon this gleam of rapture, crost

By fear<sup>e</sup> for him, is chill’d and lost.

\* A frequent image among the oriental poets. “The nightingales warbled their enchanting notes, and rent the thin veils of the rose-bud and the rose.” — *Jami*.

How shall the ruthless HAFED brook  
That one of Gheber blood should look,  
With aught but curses in his eye,  
On her—a maid of ARABY—  
A Moslem maid—the child of him,  
Whose bloody banner's dire success  
Hath left their altars cold and dim,  
And their fair land a wilderness!  
And, worse than all, that night of blood  
Which comes so fast—Oh! who shall stay  
The sword, that once hath tasted food  
Of Persian hearts, or turn its way?  
What arm shall then the victim cover,  
Or from her father shield her lover?

“Save him, my God!” she inly cries—  
“Save him this night—and if thine eyes  
“Have ever welcom'd with delight  
“The sinner's tears, the sacrifice  
“Of sinners' hearts—guard him this night,  
“And here, before thy throne, I swear  
“From my heart's inmost core to tear  
“Love, hope, remembrance, though they be  
“Link'd with each quivering life-string there,

“ And give it bleeding all to Thee !  
“ Let him but live,—the burning tear,  
“ The sighs, so sinful, yet so dear,  
“ Which have been all too much his own,  
“ Shall from this hour be Heaven’s alone.  
“ Youth pass’d in penitence, and age  
“ In long and painful pilgrimage,  
“ Shall leave no traces of the flame  
“ That wastes me now—nor shall his name  
“ Ere bless my lips, but when I pray  
“ For his dear spirit, that away  
“ Casting from its angelic ray  
“ The’ eclipse of earth, he, too, may shine  
“ Redeem’d, all glorious and all Thine !  
“ Think—think what victory to win  
“ One radiant soul like his from sin,—  
“ One wandering star of virtue back  
“ To its own native, heaven-ward track !  
“ Let him but live, and both are Thine,  
“ Together thine—for, blest or crost,  
“ Living ~~or~~ dead, his doom is mine,  
“ And, if *he* perish, both are lost !”

THE next evening LALLA ROOKH was entreated by her Ladies to continue the relation of her wonderful dream; but the fearful interest that hung round the fate of HINDA and her lover had completely removed every trace of it from her mind; — much to the disappointment of a fair seer or two in her train, who prided themselves on their skill in interpreting visions, and who had already remarked, as an unlucky omen, that the Princess, on the very morning after the dream, had worn a silk dyed with the blossoms of the sorrowful tree, Nilica.\*

FADLADEEN, whose indignation had more than once broken out during the recital of some parts of this heterodox poem, seemed at

\* “ Blossoms of the sorrowful *Nyctanthes* give a durable colour to silk.” — *Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal*, p. 200. Nilica is one of the Indian names of this flower. — *Sir W. Jones*. The Persians call it Gul. — *Carreri*.

length to have made up his mind to the infliction; and took his seat this evening with all the patience of a martyr, while the Poet resumed his profane and seditious story as follows:—



To tearless eyes and hearts at ease  
The leafy shores and sun-bright seas,  
That lay beneath that mountain's height,  
Had been a fair enchanting sight.  
'Twas one of those ambrosial eves  
A day of storm so often leaves  
At its calm setting — when the West  
Opens her golden bowers of rest,  
And a moist radiance from the skies  
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
Of some meek penitent, whose last,  
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,  
Shine, as they fall, with light from heaven !

'Twas stillness all — the winds that late  
Had rush'd through KERMAN's almond groves,  
And shaken from her bowers of date  
That cooling feast the traveller loves \*,

\* " In parts of Kerman, whatever dates are shaken from the trees by the wind they do not touch, but leave them for those who have not any, or for travellers." — *Ebn Haukal*.

Now, lull'd to languor,\* scarcely curl  
The Green Sea wave, whose waters gleam  
Limpid, as if her mines of pearl  
Were melted all to form the stream :  
And her fair islets, small and bright,  
With their green shores reflected there,  
Look like those PERI isles of light,  
That hang by spell-work in the air.

But vainly did those glories burst  
On HINDA's dazzled eyes, when first  
The bandage from her brow was taken,  
And, pale and aw'd as those who waken  
In their dark tombs—when, scowling near,  
The Searchers of the Grave\* appear,—  
She shuddering turn'd to read her fate  
In the fierce eyes that flash'd around ;  
And saw those towers all desolate,  
That o'er her head terrific frown'd,  
As if defying ev'n the smile  
Of that soft heaven to gild their pile.

\* The two terrible angels, Monkir and Nakir, who are called "the Searchers of the Grave" in the "Creed of the orthodox Mahometans" given by Ockley, vol. ii.

In vain with mingled hope and fear,  
She looks for him whose voice so dear  
Had come, like music, to her ear—  
Strange, mocking dream ! again 'tis fled.  
And oh, the shoots, the pangs of dread  
That through her inmost bosom run,

When voices from without proclaim  
“ HAFED, the Chief ”—and, one by one,  
The warriors shout that fearful name !  
He comes—the rock resounds his tread—  
How shall she dare to lift her head,  
Or meet those eyes whose scorching glare  
Not YEMEN'S boldest sons can bear ?  
In whose red beam, the Moslem tells,  
Such rank and deadly lustre dwells,  
As in those hellish fires that light  
The mandrake's charnel leaves at night.\*  
How shall she bear that voice's tone,  
At whose loud battle-cry alone  
Whole squadrons oft in panic ran,  
Scatter'd like some vast caravan,

\* “ The Arabians call the mandrake ‘ the Devil's candle,’ on account of its shining appearance in the night.” — *Richardson*.

When, stretch'd at evening round the well,  
They hear the thirsting tiger's yell.

Breathless she stands, with eyes cast down,  
Shrinking beneath the fiery frown,  
Which, fancy tells her, from that brow  
Is flashing o'er her fiercely now :  
And shuddering as she hears the tread

Of his retiring warrior band.—

Never was pause so full of dread ;

Till HAFED with a trembling hand  
Took hers, and, leaning o'er her, said,  
“ HINDA ; ” — that word was all he spoke,  
And 'twas enough—the shriek that broke

From her full bosom, told the rest.—

Panting with terror, joy, surprise,

The maid but lifts her wondering eyes,

To hide them on her Gheber's breast !

'Tis he, 'tis he—the man of blood,

The fellest of the Fire-fiend's brood,

HAFED, the demon of the fight,

Whose voice unnerves, whose glances blight, —

Is her own loved Gheber, mild

And glorious as when first he smil'd

In her lone tower, and left such beams  
Of his pure eye to light her dreams,  
That she believ'd her bower had given  
Rest to some wanderer from heaven !

Moments there are, and this was one,  
Snatch'd like a minute's gleam of sun  
Amid the black Simoom's eclipse —

Or, like those verdant spots that bloom  
Around the crater's burning lips,

Sweetening the very edge of doom !  
The past—the future—all that Fate  
Can bring of dark or desperate  
Around such hours, but makes them cast  
Intenser radiance while they last !

Ev'n he, this youth—though dimm'd and gone  
Each star of Hope that cheer'd him on—  
His glories lost—his cause betray'd—  
IRAN, his dear-lov'd country, made  
A land of carcasses and slaves,  
One dreary waste of chains and graves!—  
Himself but lingering, dead at heart,  
To see the last, long struggling breath

Of Liberty's great soul depart,

Then lay him down and share her death—  
Ev'n he, so sunk in wretchedness,

With doom still darker gathering o'er him,  
Yet, in this moment's pure caress,

In the mild eyes that shone before him,  
Beaming that blest assurance, worth  
All other transports known on earth,  
That he was lov'd—well, warmly lov'd—  
Oh! in this precious hour he prov'd  
How deep, how thorough-felt the glow  
Of rapture, kindling out of woe;—  
How exquisite one single drop  
Of bliss, thus sparkling to the top  
Of misery's cup—how keenly quaff'd,  
Though death must follow on the draught!

She, too, while gazing on those eyes

That sink into her soul so deep,  
Forgets all fears, all miseries,

Or feels them like the wretch in sleep,  
Whom fancy cheats into a smile,  
Who dreams of joy, and sobs the while!  
The mighty Ruins where they stood,

Upon the mount's high, rocky verge,

Lay open tow'rds the ocean flood,  
Where lightly o'er the illumin'd surge  
Many a fair bark that, all the day,  
Had lurk'd in sheltering creek or bay  
Now bounded on, and gave their sails,  
Yet dripping, to the evening gales;  
Like eagles, when the storm is done,  
Spreading their wet wings in the sun.  
The beauteous clouds, though daylight's Star  
Had sunk behind the hills of LAR,  
Were still with lingering glories bright, —  
As if, to grace the gorgeous West,

The Spirit of departing Light  
That eve had left his sunny vest

Behind him, ere he wing'd his flight.  
Never was scene so form'd for love!  
Beneath them waves of crystal move  
In silent swell — Heav'n glows above,  
And their pure hearts, to transport given,  
Swell like the wave, and glow like Heav'n.

But ah! too soon that dream is past —

Again, again her fear returns; —

Night, dreadful night, is gathering fast,  
More faintly the horizon burns,  
And every rosy tint that lay  
On the smooth sea hath died away.  
Hastily to the darkening skies  
A glance she casts—then wildly cries  
“ *At night*, he said—and, look, ’tis near—  
“ Fly, fly—if yet thou lov’st me, fly—  
“ Soon will his murderous band be here,  
“ And I shall see thee bleed and die.—  
“ Hush! heard’st thou not the tramp of men  
“ Sounding from yonder fearful glen?—  
“ Perhaps ev’n now they climb the wood—  
“ Fly, fly—though still the West is bright,  
“ He’ll come—oh! yes—he wants thy blood—  
“ I know him—he’ll not wait for night!”

In terrors ev’n to agony  
She clings around the wondering Chief;—  
“ Alas, poor wilder’d maid! to me  
“ *There* ow’st this raving trance of grief.  
“ Lost as I am, nought ever grew  
“ Beneath my shade but perish’d too—



“ My doom is like the Dead Sea air,  
“ And nothing lives that enters there !  
“ Why were our barks together driven  
“ Beneath this morning’s furious heaven ?  
“ Why, when I saw the prize that chance  
    “ Had thrown into my desperate arms,—  
“ When, casting but a single glance  
    “ Upon thy pale and prostrate charms,  
“ I vow’d (though watching viewless o’er  
    “ Thy safety through that hour’s alarms)  
“ To meet the’ unmanning sight no more—  
“ Why have I broke that heart-wrung vow ?  
“ Why weakly, madly met thee now ?—  
“ Start not—that noise is but the shock  
    “ Of torrents through yon valley hurl’d—  
“ Dread nothing here—upon this rock  
    “ We stand above the jarring world,  
“ Alike beyond its hope—its dread—  
“ In gloomy safety, like the Dead !  
“ Or, could ev’n earth and hell unite  
“ In league to storm this Sacred Height,  
“ Fear nothing thou—myself, to-night,  
“ And each o’erlooking star that dwells  
“ Near God will be thy sentinels ;—

“ And, ere to-morrow’s dawn shall glow,

“ Back to thy sire ——”

“ To-morrow! — no —”

The maiden scream’d — “ thou’lt never see

“ To-morrow’s sun — death, death will be

“ The night-cry through each reeking tower,

“ Unless we fly, ay, fly this hour!

“ Thou art betray’d — some wretch who knew

“ That dreadful glen’s mysterious clew —

“ Nay, doubt not — by yon stars, ’tis true —

“ Hath sold thee to my vengeful sire;

“ This morning, with that smile so dire

“ He wears in joy, he told me all,

“ And stamp’d in triumph through our hall,

“ As though thy heart already beat

“ Its last life-throb beneath his feet!

“ Good Heav’n, how little dream’d I then

“ His victim was my own lov’d youth! —

“ Fly — send — let some one watch the glen —

“ By all my hopes of heaven ’tis truth!”

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes

Founts, that but now in sunshine play’d,

Is that congealing pang which seizes  
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.  
He felt it—deeply felt—and stood,  
As if the tale had froz'n his blood,  
So maz'd and motionless was he ;—  
Like one whom sudden spells enchant,  
Or some mute, marble habitant  
Of the still Halls of ISHMONIE !\*

But soon the painful chill was o'er, <sup>1</sup>  
And his great soul, herself once more,  
Look'd from his brow in all the rays  
Of her best, happiest, grandest days.  
Never, in moment most elate,  
Did that high spirit loftier rise ;—  
While bright, serene, determinate,  
His looks are lifted to the skies,  
As if the signal lights of Fate  
Were shining in those awful eyes !  
'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom  
In IRAN's sacred cause is come ;

\* For an account of Ishmonie, the petrified city in Upper Egypt, where it is said there are many statues of men, women, &c. to be seen to this day, see *Perry's View of the Levant*.

And, though his life hath pass'd away  
Like lightning on a stormy day,  
Yet shall his death-hour leave a track  
Of glory, permanent and bright,  
To which the brave of after-times,  
The suffering brave, shall long look back  
With proud regret,—and by its light  
Watch through the hours of slavery's night  
For vengeance on the' oppressor's crimes.  
This rock, his monument aloft,  
Shall speak the tale to many an age ;  
And hither bards and heroes oft  
Shall come in secret pilgrimage,  
And bring their warrior sons, and tell  
The wondering boys where HAFED fell ;  
And swear them on those lone remains  
Of their lost country's ancient fanes,  
Never—while breath of life shall live  
Within them—never to forgive  
The' accursed race, whose ruthless chain  
Hath left on IRAN's neck a stain  
Blood, blood alone can cleanse again !  
  
Such are the swelling thoughts that now  
Enthroned themselves on HAFED's brow ;

And ne'er did Saint of Issa \* gaze  
On the red wreath, for martyrs twin'd,  
More proudly than the youth surveys  
That pile, which through the gloom behind,  
Half lighted by the altar's fire,  
Glimmers—his destin'd funeral pyre !  
Heap'd by his own, his comrades' hands,  
Of every wood of odorous breath,  
There, by the Fire-God's shrine it stands,  
Ready to fold in radiant death  
The few still left of those who swore  
To perish there, when hope was o'er—  
The few, to whom that couch of flame,  
Which rescues them from bonds and shame,  
Is sweet and welcome as the bed  
For their own infant Prophet spread,  
When pitying Heav'n to roses turn'd  
The death-flames that beneath him burn'd ! †

\* Jesus.

† The Ghebers say that when Abraham, their great Prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into "a bed of roses, where the child sweetly reposed." — *Tavernier*.

Of their other Prophet, Zoroaster, there is a story told in *Dion. Prusæus*, Orat. 36., that the love of wisdom and virtue

With watchfulness the maid attends  
His rapid glance, where'er it bends—  
Why shoot his eyes such awful beams?  
What plans he now? what thinks or dreams?  
Alas! why stands he musing here,  
When every moment teems with fear?  
“HAFED, my own beloved Lord,”  
She kneeling cries—“first, last ador'd!  
“If in that soul thou'st ever felt  
    “Half what thy lips impassion'd swore,  
“Here, on my knees that never knelt  
    “To any but their God before,  
“I pray thee, as thou lov'st me, fly—  
“Now, now—ere yet their blades are nigh.  
“Oh haste—the bark that bore me hither  
    “Can waft us o'er yon darkening sea  
“East—west—alas, I care not whither,  
    “So thou art safe, and I with thee!  
“Go where we will, this hand in thine,  
    “Those eyes before me smiling thus,

leading him to a solitary life upon a mountain, he found it one day all in a flame, shining with celestial fire, out of which he came without any harm, and instituted certain sacrifices to God, who, he declared, then appeared to him. — v. *Patrick* on Exodus, iii. 2.

“Through good and ill, through storm and shine,  
“The world’s a world of love for us!  
“On some calm, blessed shore we’ll dwell,  
“Where ’tis no crime to love too well;—  
“Where thus to worship tenderly  
“An erring child of light like thee,  
“Will not be sin—or, if it be,  
“Where we may weep our faults away,  
“Together kneeling, night and day,  
“Thou, for *my* sake, at *ALLA*’s shrine,  
“And I—at *any* God’s, for thine!”

Wildly these passionate words she spoke—

Then hung her head, and wept for shame;  
Sobbing, as if a heart-string broke

With every deep-heav’d sob that came.  
While he, young, warm—oh! wonder not

If, for a moment, pride and fame,  
His oath—his cause—that shrine of flame,

And *IRAN*’s self are all forgot

For her whom at his feet he sees

Kneeling in speechless agonies.

No, blame him not, if Hope awhile

Dawn’d in his soul, and threw her smile

O'er hours to come — o'er days and nights,  
Wing'd with those precious, pure delights  
Which she, who bends all beauteous there,  
Was born to kindle and to share.

A tear or two, which, as he bow'd

To raise the suppliant, trembling stole,  
First warn'd him of this dangerous cloud

Of softness passing o'er his soul.

Starting, he brush'd the drops away,

Unworthy o'er that cheek to stray ;—

Like one who, on the morn of fight,

Shakes from his sword the dews of night,

That had but dimm'd, not stain'd its light.

Yet, though subdued the' unnerving thrill,

Its warmth, its weakness linger'd still

So touching in each look and tone,

That the fond, fearing, hoping maid

Half counted on the flight she pray'd,

Half thought the hero's soul was grown

As soft, ~~and~~ yielding as her own,

And smil'd and bless'd him, while he said,—

“ Yes—if there be some happier sphere,

“ Where fadeless truth like ours is dear,—



“ If there be any land of rest  
“ For those who love and ne’er forget,  
“ Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest  
“ We’ll meet in that calm region yet !”

Scarce had she time to ask her heart  
If good or ill these words impart,  
When the rous’d youth impatient flew  
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,  
A ponderous sea-horn \* hung, and blew  
A signal, deep and dread as those  
The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—  
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true  
Through life and death, that signal knew ;  
For ’twas the’ appointed warning-blast,  
The’ alarm, to tell when hope was past,  
And the tremendous death-die cast !  
And there, upon the mouldering tower,  
Hath hung this sea-horn many an hour,  
Ready to sound o’er land and sea  
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

\* “ The shell called Siiankos, common to India, Africa, and the Mediterranean, and still used in many parts as a trumpet for blowing alarms or giving signals: it sends forth a deep and hollow sound.” — *Pennant*.

They came — his Chieftains at the call  
Came slowly round, and with them all —  
Alas, how few ! — the worn remains  
Of those who late o'er KERMAN's plains  
Went gaily prancing to the clash  
Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,  
Catching new hope from every flash  
Of their long lances in the sun,  
And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,  
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind\*,  
Looking, as if the steeds they rode  
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God !  
How fall'n, how alter'd now ! how wan  
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,  
As round the burning shrine they came ; —  
How deadly was the glare it cast,  
As mute they paus'd before the flame  
To light their torches as they pass'd !  
'Twas silence all — the youth hath plann'd  
The duties of his soldier-band ;

\* “ The finest ornament for the horses is made of six large flying tassels of long white hair, taken out of the tails of wild oxen, that are to be found in some places of the Indies.” — *Thevenot.*

And each determin'd brow declares  
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—  
And oh, how soon, ye blessed eyes,  
That look from heaven, ye may behold  
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!  
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,  
The maiden sees the veteran group  
Her litter silently prepare,

And lay it at her trembling feet;—  
And now the youth, with gentle care,  
Hath plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,  
And press'd her hand—that lingering press  
Of hands, that for the last time sever;  
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,  
When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.  
And yet to *her* this sad caress  
Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!  
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—  
Their happy flight's dear harbinger;  
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—  
'Twas any thing but leaving her.

“Haste, haste!” she cried, “the clouds grow dark,

“But still, ere night, we’ll reach the bark ;

“And by to-morrow’s dawn—oh bliss !

“With thee upon the sun-bright deep,

“Far off, I’ll but remember this,

“As some dark vanish’d dream of sleep ;

“And thou——” but ah !—he answers not—

Good Heav’n !—and does she go alone ?

She now has reach’d that dismal spot,

Where, some hours since, his voice’s tone

Had come to soothe her fears and ills,

Sweet as the angel ISRAFIL’S\*,

When every leaf on Eden’s tree

Is trembling to his minstrelsy—

Yet now—oh, now, he is not nigh.—

“HAFED ! my HAFED !—if it be

“Thy will, thy doom this night to die,

“Let me but stay to die with thee,

“And I will bless thy loved name,

“Till the last life-breath leave this frame.

“Oh ! let our lips, our cheeks be laid

“But near each other while they fade ;

\* “The angel Israfil, who has the most melodious voice of all God’s creatures.” — *Salé*.

“ Let us but mix our parting breaths,

“ And I can die ten thousand deaths !

“ You too, who hurry me away

“ So cruelly, one moment stay —

“ Oh ! stay — one moment is not much —

“ He yet may come — for *him* I pray —

“ HAFED ! dear HAFED ! — ” all the way

In wild lamentings, that would touch

A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name

To the dark woods — no HAFED came : —

No — hapless pair — you've look'd your last : —

Your hearts should both have broken then :

The dream is o'er — your doom is cast —

You'll never meet on earth again !

Alas for him, who hears her cries !

Still half-way down the steep he stands,

Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes

The glimmer of those burning brands,

That down the rocks, with mournful ray,

Light all he loves on earth away !

Hopeless as they who, far at sea,

By the cold moon have just consign'd

The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,  
To the bleak flood they leave behind ;  
And on the deck still lingering stay,  
And long look back, with sad delay,  
To watch the moonlight on the wave,  
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave.

But see—he starts—what heard he then?  
That dreadful shout !—across the glen  
From the land-side it comes, and loud  
Rings through the chasm ; as if the crowd  
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,  
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,  
Had all in one dread howl broke out,  
So loud, so terrible that shout !  
“ They come—the Moslems come ! ” — he cries,  
His proud soul mounting to his eyes, —  
“ Now, Spirits of the Brave, who roam  
“ Enfranchis'd through yon starry dome,  
“ Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire  
“ Are on ~~the~~ wing to join your choir ! ”  
He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound  
To their young loves, reclimb'd the steep

And gain'd the Shrine—his Chiefs stood round—

    Their swords, as with instinctive leap,  
Together, at that cry accurst,  
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.  
And hark!—again—again it rings;  
Near and more near its echoings  
Peal through the chasm—oh! who that then  
Had seen those listening warrior-men,  
With their swords grasp'd, their eyes of flame  
Turn'd on their Chief—could doubt the shame,  
The' indignant shame with which they thrill  
To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own—

    “ What! while our arms can wield these blades,

    “ Shall we die tamely? die alone?

    “ Without one victim to our shades,

    “ One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,

    “ The sabre from its toil may sleep?

    “ No—God of IRAN's burning skies!

    “ Thou scorn'st the' inglorious sacrifice.

    “ No—though of all earth's hope bereft,

    “ Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.

“ We’ll make yon valley’s reeking caves  
“ Live in the awe-struck minds of men,  
“ Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves  
“ Tell of the Gheber’s bloody glen.  
“ Follow, brave hearts !—this pile remains  
“ Our refuge still from life and chains ;  
“ But his the best, the holiest bed,  
“ Who sinks entomb’d in Moslem dead !”

Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,  
While vigour, more than human, strung  
Each arm and heart.—The’ exulting foe  
Still through the dark defiles below,  
Track’d by his torches’ lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through GOLCONDA’s vale \*  
The mighty serpent, in his ire,

Glides on with glittering, deadly trail.  
No torch the Ghebers need—so well  
They know each mystery of the dell,  
So oft have, in their wanderings,  
Cross’d the wild race that round them dwell,  
The very tigers from their delves  
Look out, and let them pass, as things  
Untam’d and fearless like themselves !

\* See Hoole upon the Story of Sinbad.



There was a deep ravine, that lay  
Yet darkling in the Moslem's way ;  
Fit spot to make invaders rue  
The many fall'n before the few.  
The torrents from that morning's sky  
Had fill'd the narrow chasm breast-high,  
And, on each side, aloft and wild,  
Huge cliffs and toppling crags were pil'd,—  
The guards with which young Freedom lines  
The pathways to her mountain-shrines.  
Here, at this pass, the scanty band  
Of IRAN's last avengers stand ;  
Here wait, in silence like the dead,  
And listen for the Moslem's tread  
So anxiously, the carrion-bird  
Above them flaps his wing unheard !

They come—that plunge into the water  
Gives signal for the work of slaughter.  
Now, Ghebers, now—if e'er your blades  
Had point or prowess, prove them now —  
Woe to the file that foremost wades !  
They come—a falchion greets each brow,

And, as they tumble, trunk on trunk,  
Beneath the gory waters sunk,  
Still o'er their drowning bodies press  
New victims quick and numberless ;  
Till scarce an arm in HAFED's band,  
    So fierce their toil, hath power to stir,  
But listless from each crimson hand  
    The sword hangs, clogg'd with massacre.  
Never was horde of tyrants met  
With bloodier welcome—never yet  
To patriot vengeance hath the sword  
More terrible libations pour'd !

    All up the dreary, long ravine,  
By the red, murky glimmer seen  
Of half-quench'd brands, that o'er the flood  
Lie scatter'd round and burn in blood,  
What ruin glares ! what carnage swims !  
Heads, blazing turbans, quivering limbs,  
Lost swords that, dropp'd from many a hand,  
In that ~~thick~~ pool of slaughter stand ; —  
Wretches who wading, half on fire  
    From the toss'd brands that round them fly,

'Twixt flood and flame in shrieks expire;—

And some who, grasp'd by those that die,  
Sink woundless with them, smother'd o'er  
In their dead brethren's gushing gore!

But vainly hundreds, thousands bleed,  
Still hundreds, thousands more succeed;  
Countless as tow'rds some flame at night  
The North's dark insects wing their flight,  
And quench or perish in its light,  
To this terrific spot they pour—  
Till, bridg'd with Moslem bodies o'er,  
It bears aloft their slippery tread,  
And o'er the dying and the dead,  
Tremendous causeway! on they pass.  
Then, hapless Ghebers, then, alas,  
What hope was left for you? for you,  
Whose yet warm pile of sacrifice  
Is smoking in their vengeful eyes;—  
Whose swords how keen, how fierce they knew,  
And burn with shame to find how few.

Crush'd down by that vast multitude,  
Some found their graves where first they stood;

While some with hardier struggle died,  
And still fought on by HAFED's side,  
Who, fronting to the foe, trod back  
Tow'rds the high towers his gory track;  
And, as a lion swept away

By sudden swell of JORDAN's pride  
From the wild covert where he lay\*,

Long battles with the' o'erwhelming tide,  
So fought he back with fierce delay,  
And kept both foes and fate at bay.

But whither now? their track is lost,

Their prey escap'd—guide, torches gone—  
By torrent-beds and labyrinths crost,

The scatter'd crowd rush blindly on—  
“Curse on those tardy lights that wind,”  
They panting cry, “so far behind;  
“Oh for a bloodhound's precious scent,  
“To track the way the Gheber went!”

\* “In this ~~socket~~ upon the banks of the Jordan several sorts of wild beasts are wont to harbour themselves, whose being washed out of the covert by the overflowings of the river, gave occasion to that allusion of Jeremiah, *he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan.*” — Maundrell's *Aleppo*.

Vain wish—confusedly along  
They rush, more desperate as more wrong :  
Till, wilder'd by the far-off lights,  
Yet glittering up those gloomy heights,  
Their footing, maz'd and lost, they miss,  
And down the darkling precipice  
Are dash'd into the deep abyss ;  
Or midway hang, impal'd on rocks,  
A banquet, yet alive, for flocks  
Of ravening vultures,—while the dell  
Re-echoes with each horrible yell.

Those sounds—the last, to vengeance dear,  
That c'er shall ring in HAFED's ear,—  
Now reach'd him, as aloft, alone,  
Upon the steep way breathless thrown,  
He lay beside his reeking blade,  
Resign'd, as if life's task were o'er,  
Its last blood-offering amply paid,  
And IRAN's self could claim no more.  
One only thought, one lingering beam  
Now broke across his dizzy dream  
Of pain and weariness — 'twas she,  
His heart's pure planet, shining yet

Above the waste of memory,  
When all life's other lights were set.  
And never to his mind before  
Her image such enchantment wore.  
It seem'd as if each thought that stain'd,  
Each fear that chill'd their loves was past,  
And not one cloud of earth remain'd  
Between him and her radiance cast ;—  
As if to charms, before so bright,  
New grace from other worlds was given,  
And his soul saw her by the light  
Now breaking o'er itself from heaven !

A voice spoke near him—'twas the tone  
Of a lov'd friend, the only one  
Of all his warriors, left with life  
From that short night's tremendous strife. —  
“ And must we then, my chief, die here ?  
“ Foes round us, and the Shrine so near ! ”  
These words have rous'd the last remains  
Of life ~~within~~ him — “ what ! not yet  
“ Beyond the reach of Moslem chains ! ”  
The thought could make ev'n Death forget

His icy bondage—with a bound  
He springs, all bleeding, from the ground,  
And grasps his comrade's arm, now grown  
Ev'n feebler, heavier than his own,  
And up the painful pathway leads,  
Death gaining on each step he treads.  
Speed them, thou God, who heard'st their vow !  
They mount—they bleed—oh save them now—  
The crags are red they've clamber'd o'er,  
The rock-weed's dripping with their gore ;—  
Thy blade too, HAFED, false at length,  
Now breaks beneath thy tottering strength !  
Haste, haste—the voices of the Foe  
Come near and nearer from below—  
One effort more—thank Heav'n ! 'tis past,  
They've gain'd the topmost steep at last.—  
And now they touch the temple's walls,

Now HAFED sees the Fire divine—  
When, lo !—his weak, worn comrade falls  
Dead on the threshold of the shrine.

“ Alas, brave soul, too quickly fled !

“ And must I leave thee withering here,

“ The sport of every ruffian's tread,


“ The mark for every coward's spear ?

“ No, by yon altar’s sacred beams !”  
He cries, and, with a strength that seems  
Not of this world, uplifts the frame  
Of the fall’n Chief, and tow’rds the flame  
Bears him along ; — with death-damp hand  
The corpse upon the pyre he lays,  
Then lights the consecrated brand,  
And fires the pile, whose sudden blaze  
Like lightning bursts o’er OMAN’s Sea. —  
“ Now, Freedom’s God ! I come to Thee,”  
The youth exclaims, and with a smile  
Of triumph vaulting on the pile,  
In that last effort, ere the fires  
Have harm’d one glorious limb, expires !

What shriek was that on OMAN’s tide ?  
It came from yonder drifting bark,  
That just hath caught upon her side  
The death-light — and again is dark.  
It is the boat — ah, why delay’d ? —  
That bears ~~the~~ the wretched Moslem maid ;  
Confided to the watchful care  
Of a small veteran band, with whom



Their generous Chieftain would not share  
The secret of his final doom,  
But hop'd when HINDA, safe and free,  
Was render'd to her father's eyes,  
Their pardon, full and prompt, would be  
The ransom of so dear a prize.—  
Unconscious, thus, of HAFED's fate,  
And proud to guard their beauteous freight,  
Scarce had they clear'd the surfy waves  
That foam around those frightful caves,  
When the curst war-whoops, known so well,  
Came echoing from the distant dell—  
Sudden each oar, upheld and still,  
Hung dripping o'er the vessel's side,  
And, driving at the current's will,  
They rock'd along the whispering tide;  
While every eye, in mute dismay,  
Was tow'rd that fatal mountain turn'd,  
Where the dim altar's quivering ray  
As yet all lone and tranquil burn'd.



Oh! 'tis not, HINDA, in the power  
Of Fancy's most terrific touch

To paint thy pangs in that dread hour—  
Thy silent agony—'twas such  
As those who feel could paint too well,  
But none e'er felt and liv'd to tell!  
'Twas not alone the dreary state  
Of a lorn spirit, crush'd by fate,  
When, though no more remains to dread,  
The panic chill will not depart;—  
When, though the inmate Hope be dead,  
Her ghost still haunts the mouldering heart;  
No—pleasures, hopes, affections gone,  
The wretch may bear, and yet live on,  
Like things, within the cold rock found  
Alive, when all's congeal'd around.  
But there's a blank repose in this,  
A calm stagnation, that were bliss  
To the keen, burning, harrowing pain,  
Now felt through all thy breast and brain;—  
That spasm of terror, mute, intense,  
That breathless, agonis'd suspense,  
From whose ~~not~~ throb, whose deadly aching,  
The heart hath no relief but breaking!

Calm is the wave—heav'n's brilliant lights  
Reflected dance beneath the prow ;—  
Time was when, on such lovely nights,  
She who is there, so desolate now,  
Could sit all cheerful, though alone,  
And ask no happier joy than seeing  
That star-light o'er the waters thrown—  
No joy but that, to make her blest,  
And the fresh, buoyant sense of Being,  
Which bounds in youth's yet careless breast,—  
Itself a star, not borrowing light,  
But in its own glad essence bright.  
How different now!—but, hark, again  
The yell of havoc rings—brave men!  
In vain, with beating hearts, ye stand  
On the bark's edge—in vain each hand  
Half draws the falchion from its sheath;  
All's o'er—in rust your blades may lie:—  
He, at whose word they've scatter'd death,  
Ev'n now, this night, himself must die!  
Well may ye look to yon dim tower,  
And ask, and wondering guess what means  
The battle-cry at this dead hour—  
Ah! she could tell you—she, who leans

Unheeded there, pale, sunk, aghast,  
With brow against the dew-cold mast;—  
Too well she knows—her more than life,  
Her soul's first idol and its last,  
Lies bleeding in that murderous strife.

But see—what moves upon the height?  
Some signal!—'tis a torch's light.

What bodes its solitary glare?  
In gasping silence tow'rd the Shrine  
All eyes are turn'd—thine, HINDA, thine  
Fix their last fading life-beams there.  
'Twas but a moment—fierce and high  
The death-pile blaz'd into the sky,  
And far away, o'er rock and flood  
Its melancholy radiance sent;  
While HAFED, like a vision stood  
Reveal'd before the burning pyre,  
Tall, shadowy, like a Spirit of Fire  
Shrin'd in its own grand element!  
“'Tis he!—” the shuddering maid exclaims,—  
But, while she speaks, he's seen no more;  
High burst in air the funeral flames,  
And IRAN's hopes and hers are o'er!

One wild, heart-broken shriek she gave ;  
Then sprung, as if to reach that blaze,  
Where still she fix'd her dying gaze,  
And, gazing, sunk into the wave, —  
Deep, deep, — where never care or pain  
Shall reach her innocent heart again !

---

Farewell — farewell to thee, ARABY's daughter !  
(Thus warbled a PERI beneath the dark sea,)  
No pearl ever lay, under OMAN's green water,  
More pure in its shell than thy Spirit in thee.

Oh ! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,  
. How light was thy heart till Love's witchery came,  
Like the wind of the south\* o'er a summer lute  
blowing,  
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame !

But long, upon ARABY's green sunny highlands,  
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom

\* " This wind (the Samoor) so softens the strings of lutes,  
that they can never be tuned while it lasts." — *Stephen's Persia*.

Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,  
With nought but the sea-star\* to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning †,  
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the  
old,

The happiest there, from their pastime returning  
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she  
dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,  
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,  
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall IRAN, beloved of her Hero ! forget thee—  
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,

\* " One of the greatest curiosities found in the Persian Gulf is a fish which the English call Star-fish. It is circular, and at night very luminous, resembling the full moon surrounded by rays." — *Mirza Abu Taleb*.

† For a description of the merriment of the date-time, of their work, their dances, and their return home from the palm-groves at the end of autumn with the fruits, see *Kempfer, Amœnitat. Exot.*

Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,  
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow  
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;  
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow  
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber  
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept\*;  
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd  
chamber  
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,  
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;  
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian† are  
sparkling,  
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

\* Some naturalists have imagined ~~that~~ amber is a concretion of the tears of birds. — See *Trevoux, Chambers*.

† “The bay Kieselarke, which is otherwise called the Golden Bay, the sand whereof shines as fire.” — *Struy*.\*